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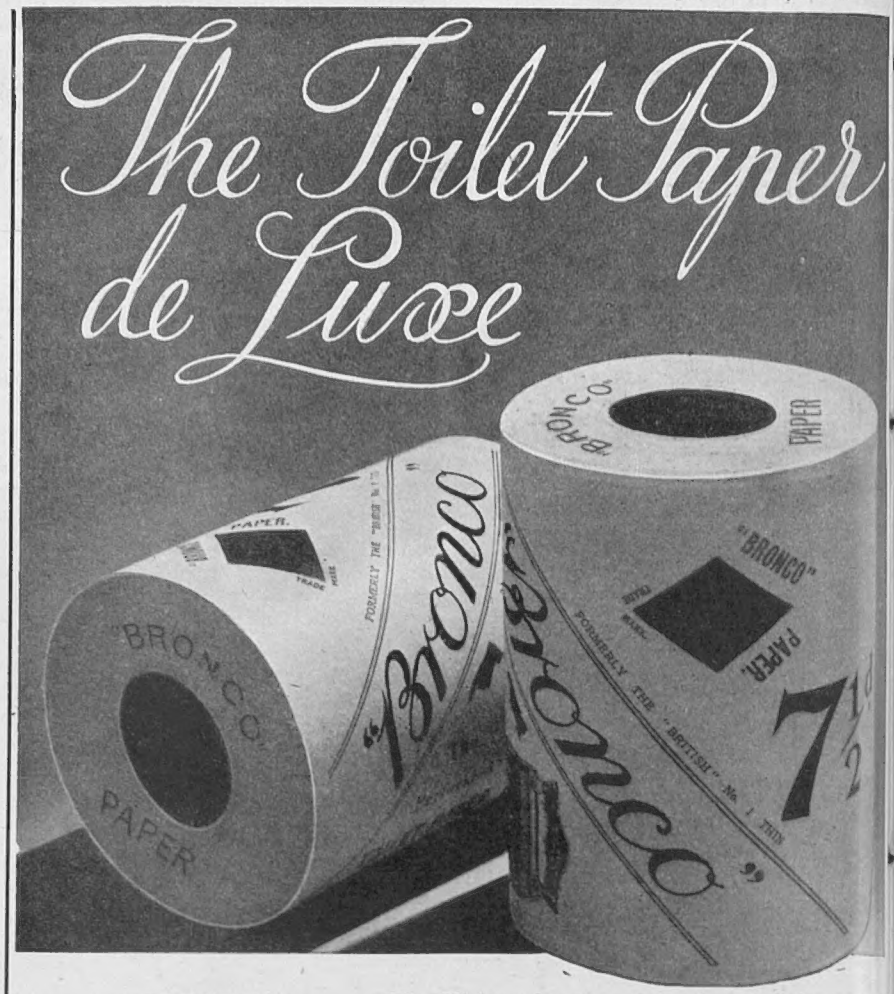

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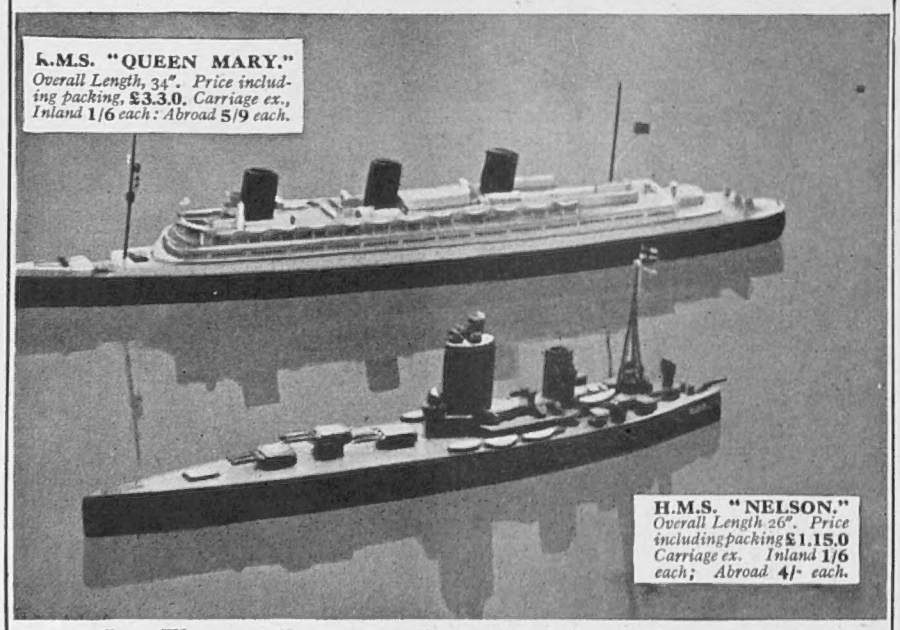

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THE SPHERE
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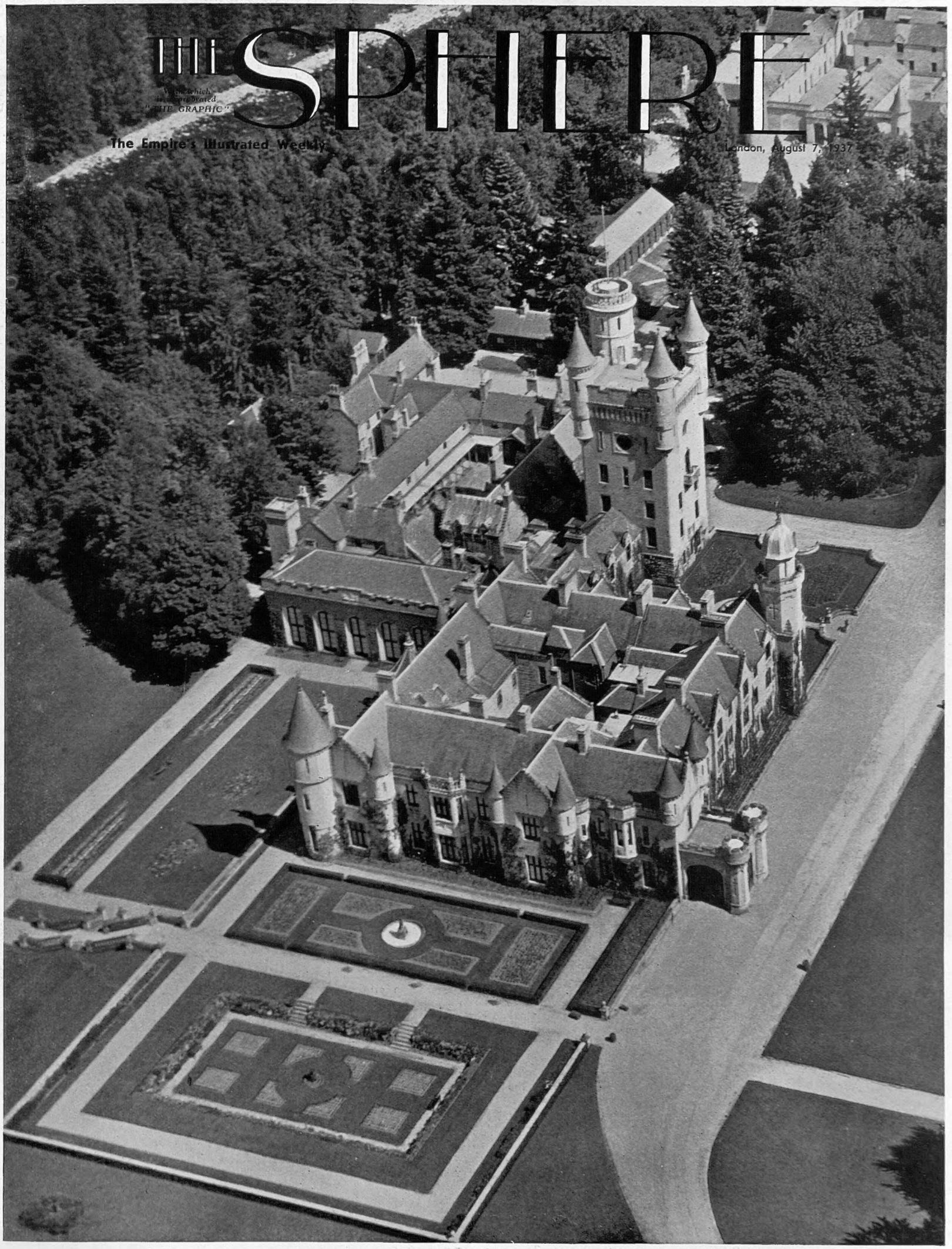
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, August 7, 1937



The King's Scottish Holiday Home

An Aerial Impression of Balmoral Where His Majesty Went into Residence this Week

After a spring and summer of intense activity, making immense demands upon their time and energies, the King and Queen are at last enjoying the holiday they have so richly earned, free for six weeks or more from the arduous round of public duties. Their Majesties, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, journeyed to Deeside last Tuesday night, and on the following day went into residence at Balmoral, the castle which has in the eighty years since its erection by the Prince Consort been such a favourite royal home. Not for a long time, however, has the Royal Family been in residence at the beginning of the grouse season, and the King's presence there so early may be taken as an indication of his lively interest in shooting; an interest he doubtless inherits from his father who was, of course, one of the finest marksmen of his day. In addition to the Michras moors and the Glen Callater stalking, which have been leased of recent years to supplement the shooting over the Balmoral estate, His Majesty has for the present visit rented the 9,000-acre Gairnshiel moor from Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld. Most of the head keepers in the district believe that the grouse season should be quite good for, despite the fact that an extremely hard winter with snowstorms throughout February and March took many birds from these high moors, those clutches that remained have since come on well and appear to be very healthy, being free from the dread "heather beetle"

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SEAWARD BOUND AT THE START OF AUGUST'S GREAT HOLIDAY: An impression of the immense throng at Waterloo last Saturday when practically every excursion train left the station packed to capacity and queues extended through the booking halls and down the slope almost to the Westminster Bridge Road. In twenty-four hours no fewer than 60,000 passengers were dealt with there, while at Paddington the figure of 90,000 was even more phenomenal

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, August 4, 1937.

KING LEOPOLD'S OXYMORON.

—King Leopold wrote to the Belgian Premier: "When one reflects on the state of disorganisation in which humanity is plunged, a feeling of profound anxiety reveals the future under a very dark light." The sentiment and the truth of this statement are undeniable and unexceptionable. The phrase "a very dark light" is open to criticism. "A dim light"—yes, or a "dark lantern." But not a "dark light," unless by the use of oxymoron for a deliberate effect. Still, we knew what he meant, if indeed he was fairly translated, and we quite agree and understand. Indeed, it were a mean and pedantic mind which would quarrel with phrasing where the sense is so clear and the intention so helpful and excellent. For the King, in his now famous letter to M. Van Zeeland, seeks no less than to call the bluff of the platitudes of European statesmen (including British) and to find out how sincere were the intentions of those statesmen who represent nations-which-have to give a share to the "have-nots" of the economic resources of the still undeveloped lands which form part of the luckier nations' Colonial Empires. Among the chief "haves" are Britain and Belgium. Among the chief "have-nots" is Germany. It is unlikely that the first discussions on "pooling" will yield very much in a material way. The difficulties are so many, the interests so complicated and clamorous. But a start must one day be made to clear the ground for reconstruction—and the sooner the better. That anything will result in our day is much to hope, too much perhaps. We are not trained to expect much from international round-table conferences, least of all from conferences composed of men who cannot bind the Governments they represent by their decisions and least of all from conferences dealing with questions vitally allied with national interests. But, except nationally in dictator-governed countries, we know no alternative to conferences as a means of securing agreement for political, social and economic reforms. What King Leopold proposes and his first minister is prepared to work for is the establishment of a world conference without power to bind the Governments represented, to examine broadly, but not with exactly defined terms of reference, the root causes of world unrest in so far as these are economic, and to examine how a return may be made towards a lowering of economic barriers to world trade and possibly to touch on the hideously controversial question of a pooling of sources and resources of raw materials. "It is a long shot, Watson," but all honour to the King and Premier of the Belgians.

GOODWOOD.

—It was bitter cold and dull on the downs on the opening day but the delights of Goodwood were not extinguished. Every year the Goodwood racing brings into the limelight the peculiar charms of West Sussex. Those charms to-day are beginning to be appreciated at their full value and to be jealously guarded. Why so many remain there, after the post-war orgy of iconoclasm and the blindness of local authorities, is perfectly well known. It is due to the often unselfish obstinacy of the big landlords who have pinched to preserve their acres from the clutches of speculative builders. West Sussex is to a large extent the property of the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond, Lord Leconfield and Lord Cowdray. Smaller estates are Lavington, of which Mr. Euan Wallace recently acquired a big slice, and Up Park. The peculiar importance of this rural area is that it is so easy of access from London. Under the new Southern electrification scheme there is a fifty-minute service to and from London and Haslemere (which is rapidly becoming the terminus for West Sussex), and trains are almost of "Underground" frequency. Once away from the suburb of Haslemere, one is quickly lost in the charm and remoteness of old England, and so those Londoners find who contemplate between races the view from the Trundle at Goodwood, southward to the Isle of Wight with Chichester spire in the middle distance, or northward towards Blackdown and Hindhead. And the same enchanting sense of ancient peace and unchanging traditions is felt by the privileged who, when the day's racing is over, forgather on the lawns of old Cowdray to watch the polo. Midhurst has been spared because for 100 years the railways have despised it. It is the kindest thing a railway can do.

A NEW NORTH ROAD.—

One can soon get tired of a high road. Romantic as once it was to me (and still is in parts) I am dead sick of the Great North Road, all its length from London to Scotch Corner. I think many of those who go by road to Scotland annually would take the western side to the North if it were not for those great towns in Lancashire. It is pleasing then to hear that the Lancashire C.C. have at least debated seriously plans for the first effort to copy Italy and Germany and to build a motor speedway from Mersey Bridge, Warrington, to Carnforth, a distance of 54 miles. This speedway will be solely for fast motor traffic. It will have no buildings of any kind along it; junction roads will be very few; cross roads will be "under and over"; it will be very wide and divided into two one-way tracks north and south. It will skirt Wigan on the west and pass to the east of Preston and Lancaster to Carnforth, whence it is already "plain sailing" northwards. True, the Germans, having built their speed tracks, are frightened to death of them. They see in them frightfully efficient pointers for enemy aircraft. True, also, that such virgin roads break, in my view, all the laws of God and men of taste where they are planned in rural country over virgin land. But that part of Lancashire is not rural; there is little to spoil, and if such a road can be built to miss the big cities of Lancashire, it will be a very interesting experiment (if a costly one at £5,000,000) to watch, and indeed to make use of when the plan is implemented. It will be delightful indeed to speed to Scotland through Worcestershire and Cheshire and to get through Lancashire in an hour and a half, to find oneself in lonely Westmorland full speed ahead and behind one.

THE "MORNING POST"

—An important change in newspaper control was announced last week in Fleet Street. The *Morning Post*, senior of London newspapers, will at the end of August come under the control of Lord Camrose. It was started in 177[illegible] under the ægis of the famous Fleet Street worthy, John Bell. For a century from 1835 it became the work and property of the Borthwick family, of which the last male proprietor was Lord Glenesk. His daughter, Lady Bathurst, inherited the family interests and her son, Lord Apsley, remained on the directorate until a year or two ago. Now the *Morning Post* will come under the same control which inspires the *Daily Telegraph* and *Sunday Times*, the control of the Berry family. That family plays a big part in the direction of famous newspapers, including the whole range of publications grouped under the Allied Newspapers, the Amalgamated Press and the Financial Times Limited. With so many newspapers of first-rate importance and high standing under its control, the Berry family's influence in the Press of Britain is enormous. It will be interesting to watch the development of that fine old Die-hard from September onwards. It will be interesting to see whether the directing ability which so swiftly converted the *Daily Telegraph* from a doubtful proposition into the "Autocrat of the breakfast table" for a majority of educated citizens, will achieve the same remarkable and swift results with the *Morning Post*. And whether that result will be obtained by the production of a second *Daily Telegraph*, or whether the old Die-hard will still be allowed an occasional growl for the great days of high tradition and privilege and occasional liberty to cry the old slogans of Jingoism and Imperialism (old style) and to wave the faded banners of the Kipling School. We hope that the fine old Tory will not be shorn of his old Squire's trappings and of his benevolent and autocratic championship of "our ancient Constitution".

"KING FRANKLIN I."—

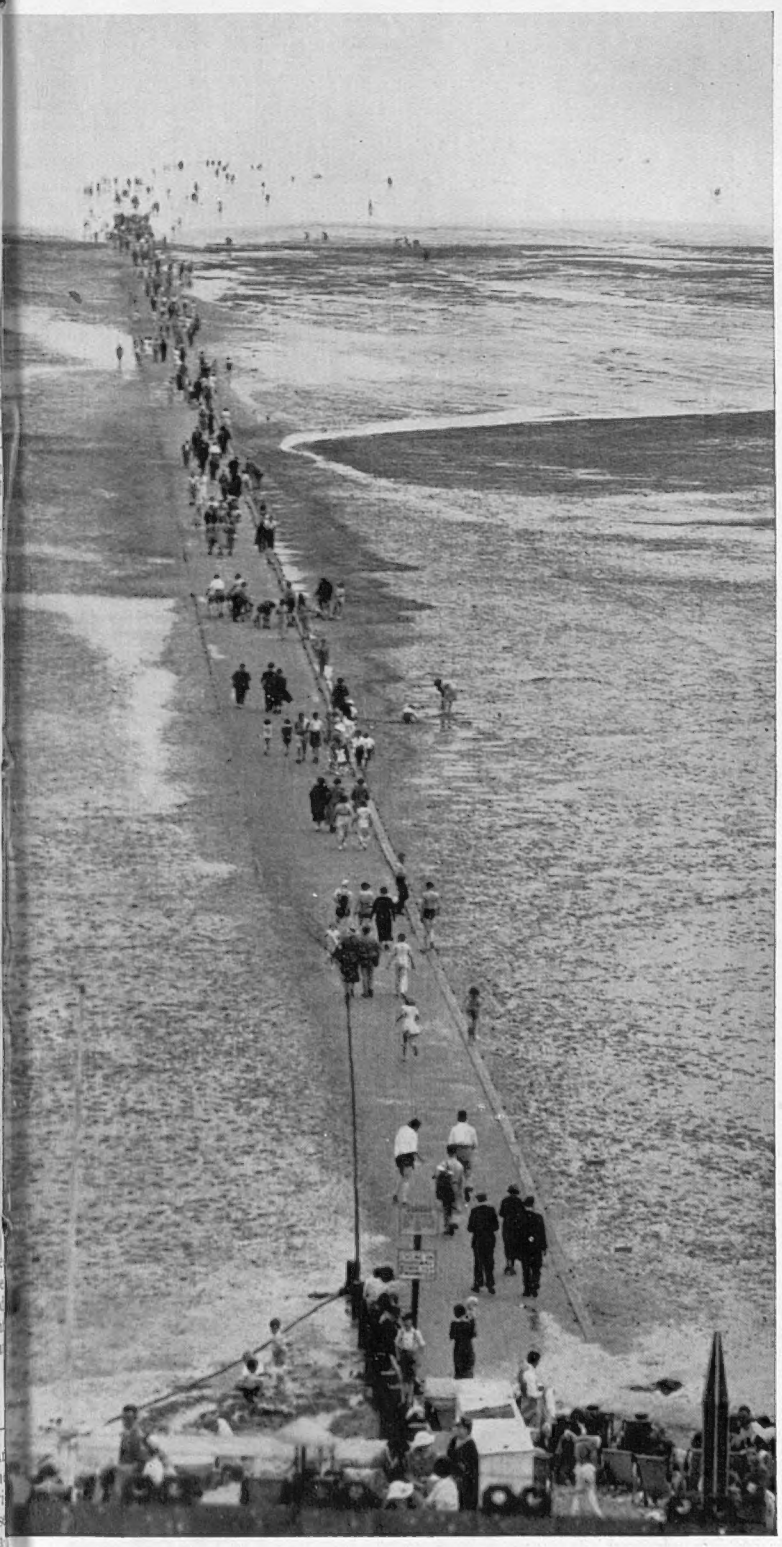
Our Coronation bit deep into American consciousness—we knew that. The "King idea" has always been attributed to a section of opinion in those United States and, by way of justification, there lies before me a light-hearted and ephemeral publication (embodying the programme of the "Royalist Party" in the States) which makes good

holiday reading. It is published by His Majesty's Inkslingers Inc. of New York, and, to judge by its inner cover of "press cuttings," all the newspapers of America are awaiting with confidence and pleasure the day (not distant) when Mr. Roosevelt ascends the throne of America as King Franklin I—"by the grace of God and Jim Farley, King of the U.S. and Panama Zone, Emperor of Alaska, Czar of Puerto Rico, Boss of Hyde Park, Spender of the Budget." On that day the faithful will come into their own, and the goats will be banished to outer darkness. Capone is named Duke of Alcatras, Mr. R. W. Hearst receives a Knighthood—Knight Edition, and Rex Tugwell is created Marquis of Molasses, and James Farley "little Lord Farleyroy." King Franklin's first act of clemency will be the confiscation of Wall Street. You need to know America pretty well to get the full flavour of what is no doubt excellent fooling to the cognoscenti and fine, dry sherry and bitters to Big Business in those U.S.

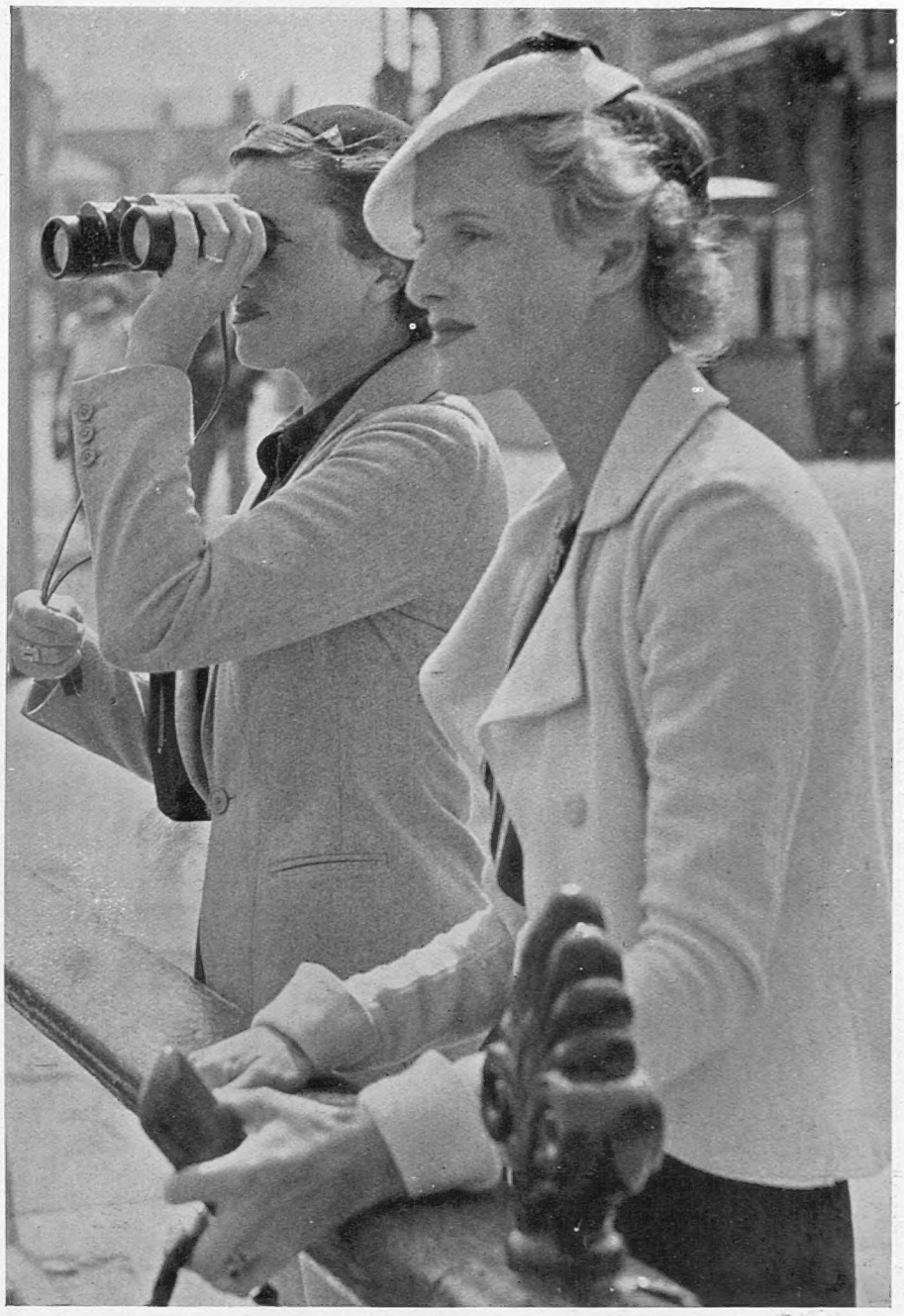
A WAR CRIMINAL.—I am glad that Captain Gabriel Szakats died in penury; I shall not squeeze out a tear if it prove that he died of starvation. When the war ended, his name was placed on the roll of dishonour, the Allies' rather absurd list of 400 war criminals whose surrender was "demanded"—and, of course, never received. It was a silly list, as silly as the *Mikado's*, and it was one of many silly gestures which did not succeed in making comedy out of the tragedy of war. But if such a list had been justified and could have been made effective, the name of Szakats should rightly have figured in it, high up. He was the inventor of the Flammenwerfer and I trust the tormentors in the place to which he has booked have had time to practise his drill and to handle his device. He is like to have long experience of the unpleasantness of his great invention. I hope they do the thing even better in Hell.

SESSION'S RECORD.

Parliament has adjourned. The piping tunes of prorogation seem to be over. The war clouds hang over the Far East and the Spanish tangle *may* demand a recall of M.Ps.—not that discussions of affairs in Spain have during the past session contributed much to the reputation of Parliament or to British prestige. The session therefore may or may not be over. Probably it *is* over. We may examine "business done" in a session of great interest and historical importance. It included the Abdication, the Accession, the Coronation, the resignation of Mr. Baldwin, the reshuffle by Mr. Chamberlain. In the European impasse it achieved almost nothing. But why should it? We have got into a fashion of thinking that the settlement of Europe is in our hands alone and that failure to settle it is a failure of the British Government—a most ridiculous notion. International affairs, complications, and dangers took up a vast proportion of the time of the House; ceremonial bit off another huge chunk; the affairs of the House of Windsor a large mouthful. But some fine work was accomplished in domestic legislation. The Factories Bill, an enlightened and far-reaching measure, reached the Statute Book after a dozen years of nibbling. The Marriage Bill (Mr. Herbert's child) was perhaps the most interesting and popular measure carried through. There were a vast number of by-elections, due largely to Coronation and other Honours Lists, and they showed in unmistakable manner that National Government still stands high in favour.



A LONG, LONG (HOLIDAY) TRAIL: Low tide at Southend, when would-be bathers cross the mud-flats to the sea on the concrete causeway. Bank holiday crowds at this favourite resort of Londoners were as large as ever and on Sunday and Monday they enjoyed many hours of unbroken sunshine



WATCHING THE WHITE SAILS: Mrs. Anthony Southey and Mrs. Edward Hodgson at Cowes where the famous yachting week opened last Monday. There was plenty of good racing though the absence of the big "J" class yachts was much to be regretted

ROYAL HOLIDAYS.

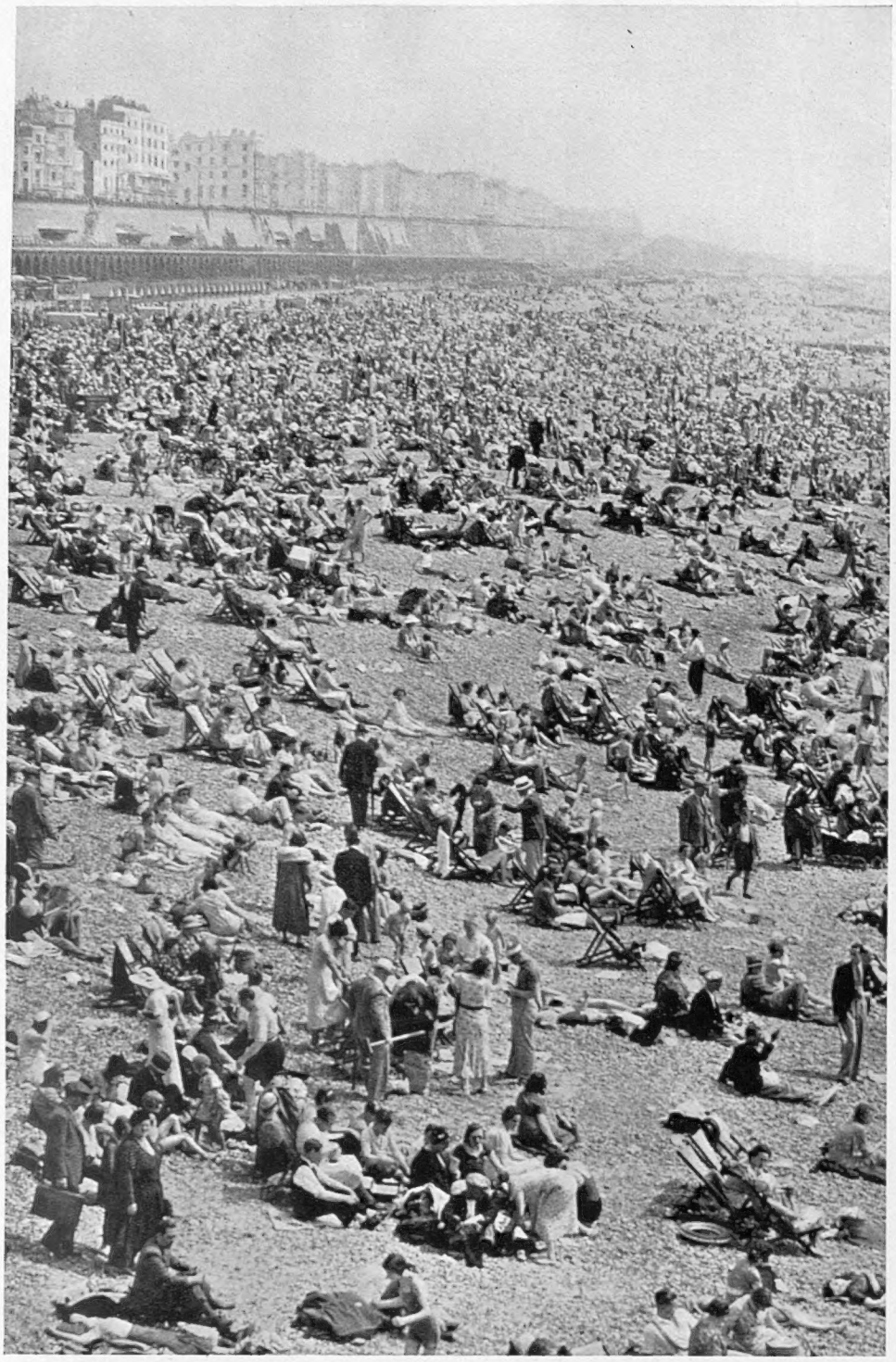
—The Royal Family are all at last on holiday, and probably never were holidays so vitally needed, so proudly earned. The best way in which the nation can show its gratitude for a record of duty done, probably never equalled by any Royal Family before, is to leave them in peace in their various retreats, and neither to write about them, nor peep at them, nor worry them with requests to honour any more functions until mid-October. What the King and Queen have got through since the Accession, with unfailing good nature and grace and efficiency, makes in print a record that evokes astonishment. It is all the labours of Hercules which only super-mortals could have come through unscathed. They have completed "six months hard." That all the Royal Family are tired without exception is obvious. The strain on their memories alone has been tremendous. Now the King and Queen are settled in the Highlands, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are paying three weeks of visits in the North before settling at Birkhall, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent are abroad. In due course all will collect in or near Balmoral, where grouse prospects are fair and stalking prospects good. That the tourists will mass along the roads and at "points of vantage" round Balmoral all autumn is of course certain. But mercifully the Highlands, even at Deeside, still possess solitudes to which Buckingham Palace and Windsor are strangers. May they find those solitudes and secure the rest and peace and simplicity of life they crave and so much deserve.

COWDRAY POLO.

—The Cowdray Polo Week is surely one of the most enchanting entertainments of the summer. On a fine July evening the graciousness of an old English park and great house (though it be largely a ruin) soaks into one's consciousness and its serenity is infectious. The new house is on higher ground in the park, but round the ruins are three superb polo grounds and here gather to play tournaments all the brightest stars in the now not so starry firmament of British polo. There is no game that can touch polo as a spectacle when the men know the business and are well mounted—it is fast and thrilling and its only crab is that the ground is necessarily large and much of the play far removed. But, nearer at hand one can always turn one's eyes on the racegoers who roll up from Goodwood at the end of the day's racing, from whom and from whose fashions in dress and conversation much pleasure and interest may apparently be derived.

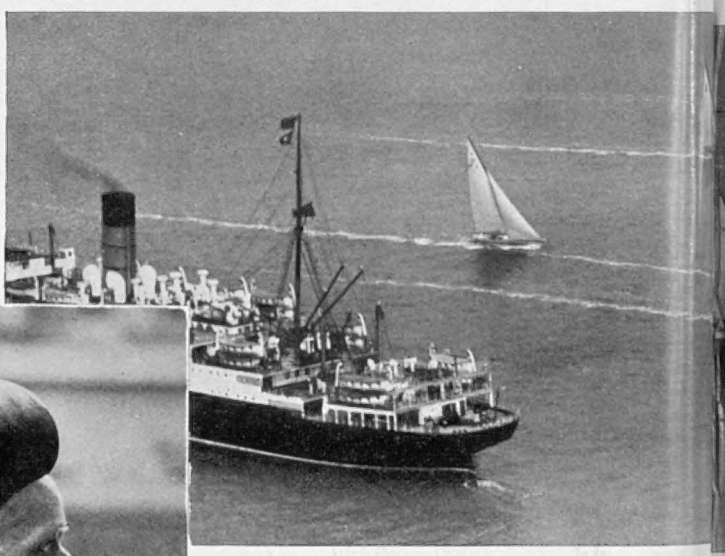
THE OLD STAGER

ALL THE WORLD

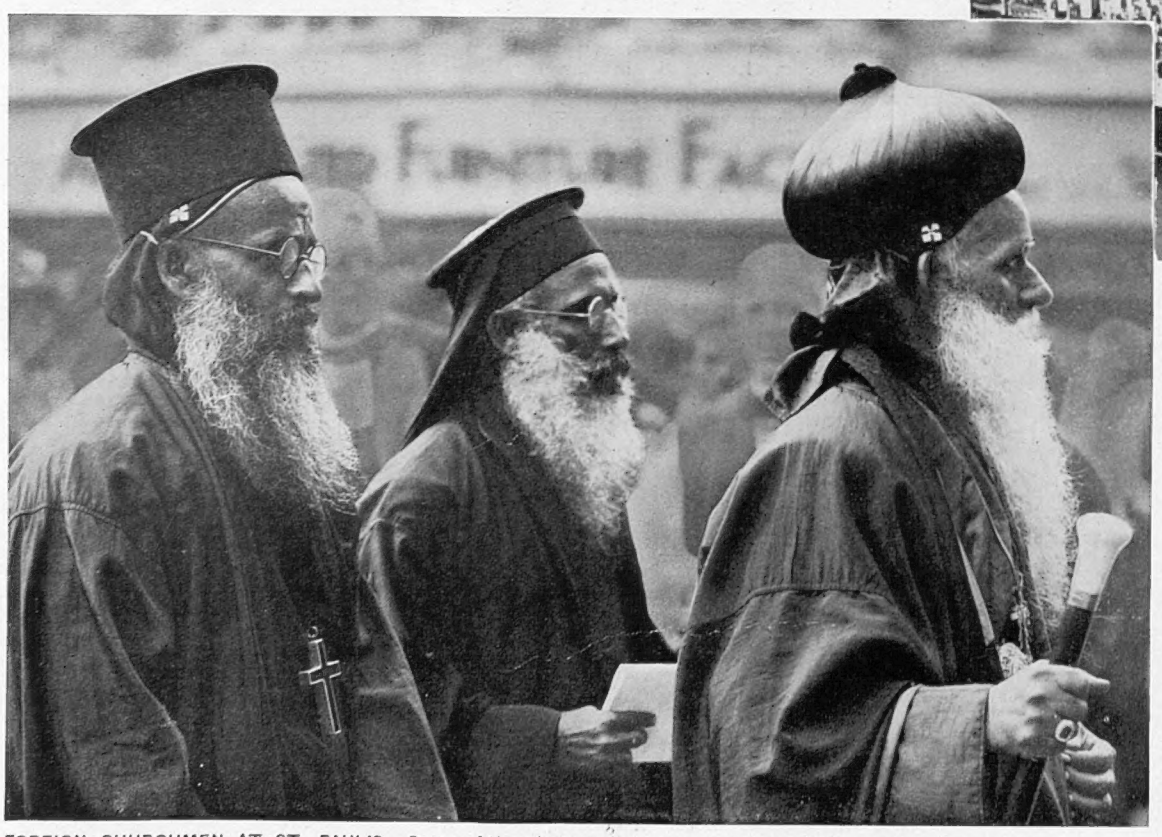


WHERE THE SUN WORKED OVERTIME: The thronged beach at Brighton on August Bank Holiday, when this resort, in common with many others on Britain's coasts, catered for the usual large-scale invasion of all varieties of holiday folk. It was easily the hottest Bank Holiday for four years, and several areas in Britain sweltered in temperatures of 80 deg. or more

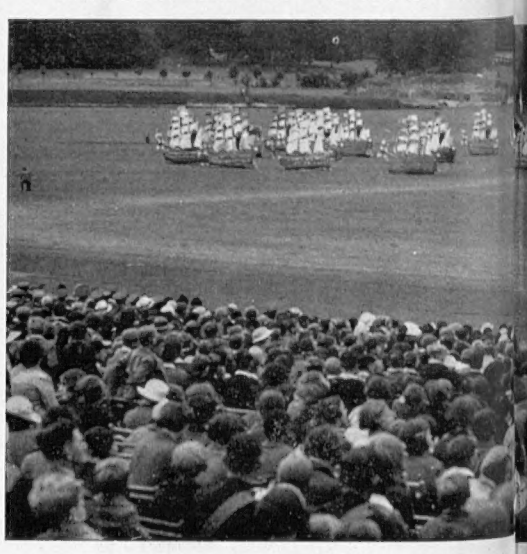
HERE CAREFREE LONDONERS FORGATHERED: Margate was as thronged as ever on Bank Holiday and the open air swimming pool, which is filled and emptied by the tides, was naturally a big attraction



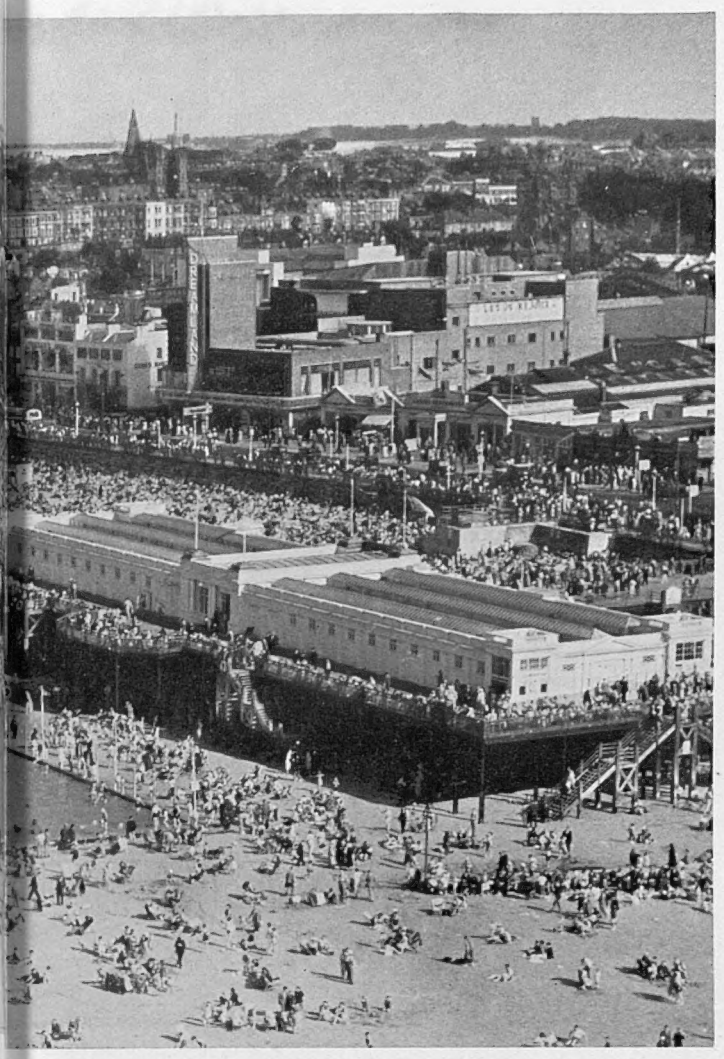
THE OPENING DAY AT COWES: Mr. A. C. Connell's *Westra* (right), Mr. C. R. Fairey's *Evaine* (the eventual winner), and Sir William Burton's *Marina* in the lead during the contest for the Fleuret Cup between boats of the International Twelve-metre Class. *Below*—One of the dramatic episodes



FOREIGN CHURCHMEN AT ST. PAUL'S: Some of the picturesquely clad members of the congregation, which was representative of all the chief non-Roman churches of fifty countries, walking in procession to the Cathedral last week to attend the united service for the delegates to the recent world conference at Oxford on Church, Community, and State, and the world conference in Edinburgh on Faith and Order. The Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs attended and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached, made the subject of Christian unity his main theme

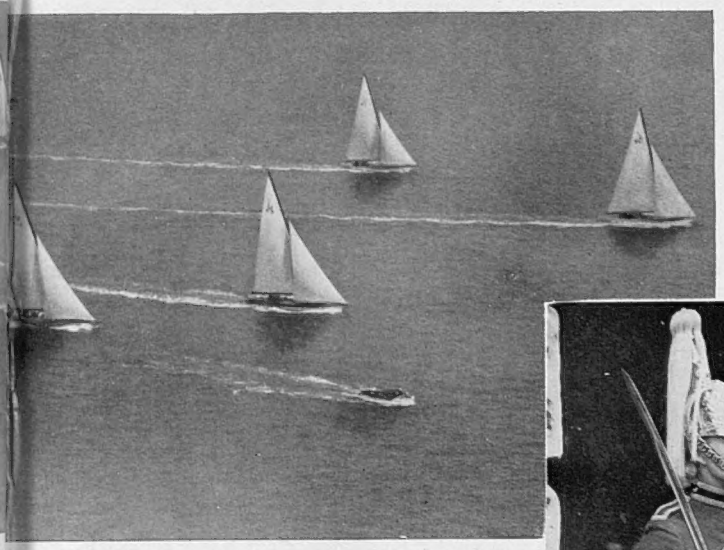


WENT SEAWARD

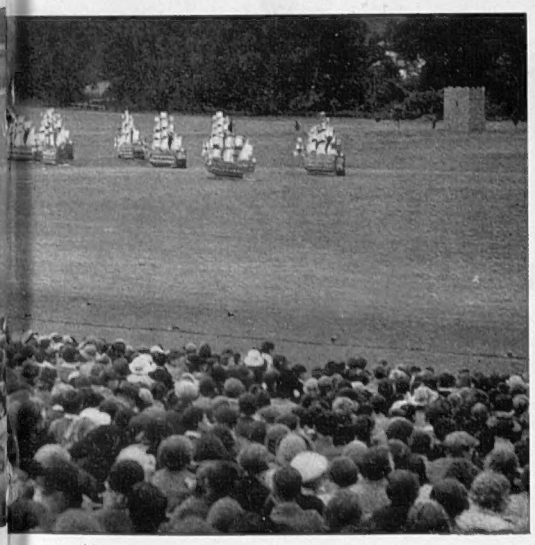


in the grilling heat. Throughout the week-end hotel and boarding house accommodation there was booked to capacity while similar conditions prevailed at neighbouring and equally popular Ramsgate and Broadstairs

HIGH TIDE AT BLACKPOOL: The beach at this famed resort appears in this picture to be crowded to the point of extreme discomfort, but Lancashire folk take their pleasures gladly and are evidently more than content if they can obtain a few square feet of space on the foreshore of their favourite holiday centre. Conditions there during last week-end were indeed phenomenal



at the Tidworth Tattoo: the capture of Spanish bullion ships by the British in 1702. The model ships are large enough to have concealed figures within them; it is thus possible for the rival fleets to take up their proper positions in this historic action



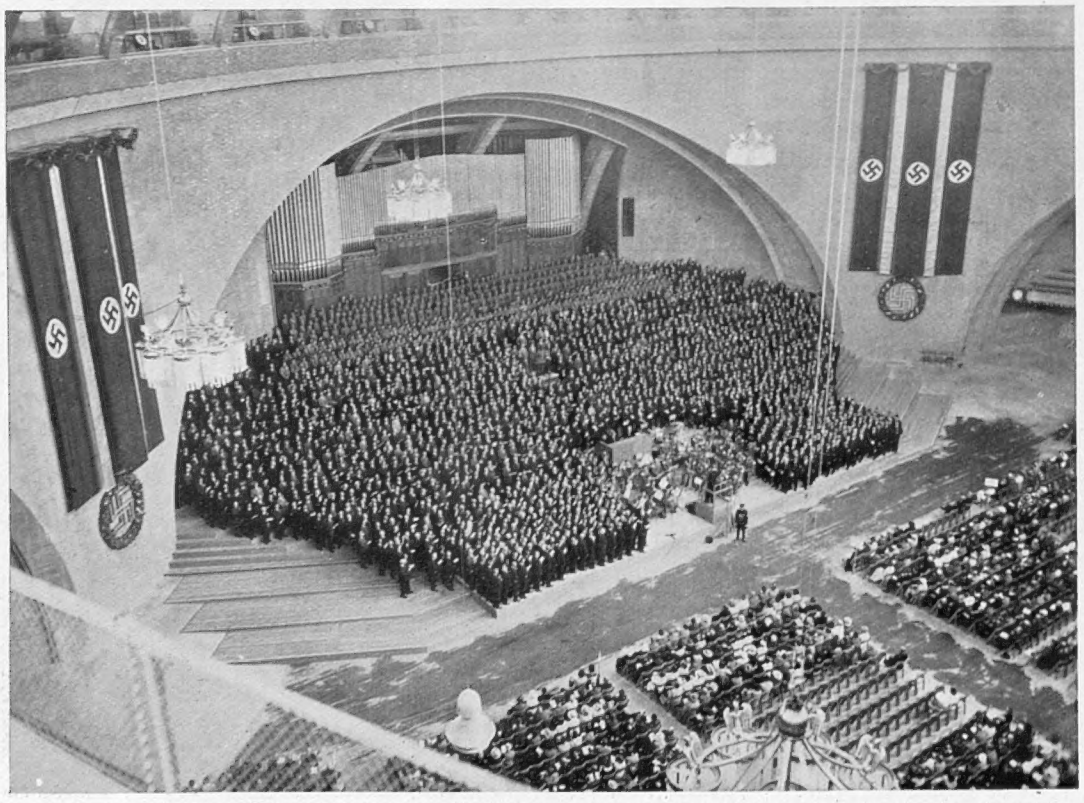
PATRICIA BAMMAN COMES TO LONDON: This girl from Norfolk, Virginia, is now on a trip to this country. Her expenses are being paid by the U.S. Propeller Club, which adjudged her prizewinner in a nation-wide competition for an essay on the American Merchant Marine Service

PRIZE-GIVING DAY ON H.M.S. "WORCESTER": Admiral Sir Edward Evans (Evans of the "Broke"), Commander-in-Chief, the Nore, with Chief Cadet Alan Leighton, winner of the King's gold medal, during his visit to the training ship on the Thames at Greenhithe for the distribution of awards

SEVEN DAYS

THE AMERICAN WAR MEMORIAL AT MONTFAUCON, dedicated to the soldiers of the United States who lost their lives in the desperate Meuse-Argonne offensive of September–November, 1918, was unveiled on August 1 by the French President, M. Lebrun, in the presence of many notabilities including the French Premier, M. Chautemps, the Foreign Minister, M. Delbos, the United States Ambassador in Paris, Mr. William Bullitt, and General Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force in the Great War

CAIRO ACCLAIMS HER MONARCH: The Royal procession pass ing beneath a triumphal arch as young King Farouk drov in state through thronged streets from the Abdin Palac to the Egyptian Parliament there to be officially invested with sovereign prerogatives as the King of Egypt, havin



A THOUSAND VOICES RAISED IN UNISON: The scene in the modern concert hall at Breslau at the twelfth annual German festival of song which was attended by almost as many participants as spectators, the immense stage being thronged for some of the more elaborate items. During the festival the Duke and Duchess of Kent spent a night in the town before continuing into Poland on their European holiday tour

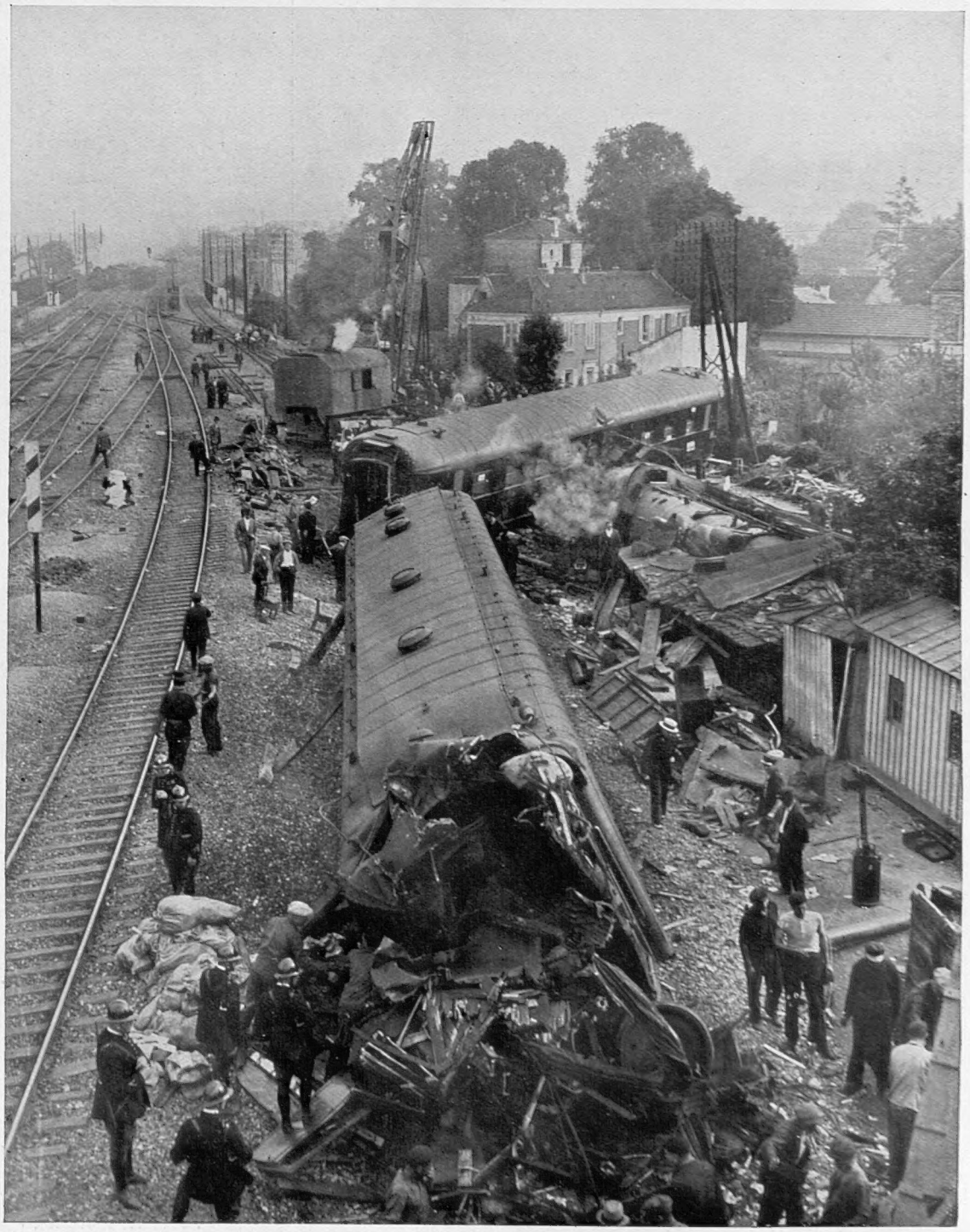
EGYPT'S DAY OF DAYS: *Left*—King Farouk read ng the oat in the Parliament House, Cairo, in which he swore t "respect and obey the Constitution." This assumptio of sovereign prerogatives marked the end of his minorit

OF HISTORY

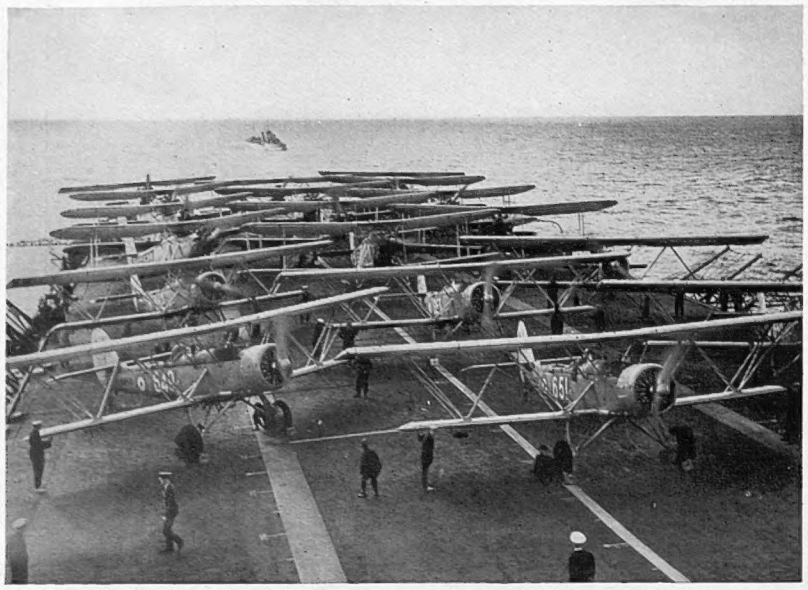
att[illegible]d the age of eighteen (calculated on the Hegira sta[illegible]ard of lunar years), thus being old enough to take ove[illegible] the duties assumed by the Council of Regents upon the[illegible] death of his father, King Fuad, in April, 1936. It was a day[illegible] of immense public enthusiasm throughout the city

a[illegible]d no coronation ceremony takes place. *Right*—Sir M[illegible]iles Lampson, former British High Commissioner and now fi[illegible]st British Ambassador to Egypt, arriving with Lady L[illegible]ampson at the Parliament House for the investiture

THE FRENCH RAIL DISASTER: These steel coaches were more or less intact following the train crash last week at Villeneuve-St.-Georges, about fourteen miles from Paris, when no fewer than twenty-eight people lost their lives and thirty-nine were seriously injured. All the persons killed—for the most part pilgrims returning from Lisieux—were travelling in one of the old type wooden coaches which was telescoped into splinters, and as a result of the tragedy there is a renewed outcry in France for the substitution of more modern rolling stock on main lines



AFTERMATH AT VILLENEUVE-ST.-GEORGES: Searching through the wreckage of one of the coaches involved in the French rail disaster. Being of steel only one end of it was damaged despite the terrific impact and as a result many lives were saved. Some railroad experts argue, however, that steel rolling stock is not superior in every way to that of wood, the former, on account of lack of give, being more liable to be shot right off the track



SUBJECT OF A STERN CONTROVERSY: All aircraft (such as these) which operate from warships will in future be under the full control of the Admiralty according to a Government decision arrived at last week after a long period of uncertainty

The Fleet Air Arm Compromise

The Admiralty Now to have Complete Control of All Aeroplanes Operating from Warships

WHEN last week the Government decision on the future control of the Fleet Air Arm was announced, it appeared to be a very small child of controversy and committee which have been to the fore for so many years. The decision was brief. The Admiralty was to have full control of all fleet air arm aircraft operating from warships, whether land planes from aircraft carriers or seaplanes or amphibians catapulted from cruisers and heavy ships. On the other hand the Air Ministry was to retain full administrative and operational control over all flying boats and all aircraft detailed for coast defence duties but operating from a shore aerodrome.

On the face of it, the decision is a compromise dictated by common sense. It is, however, open to serious criticism on several counts.

The Prime Minister, in announcing the Government decision, was at pains to make it clear that the decision was final and that it was to bring to an end a controversy which has done immeasurable harm to both the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, between whom there has for long been a regrettable lack of co-operation in the matter of aircraft operating at sea.

At the same time, the Prime Minister acknowledged that there were still a number of difficult points to be decided, and that these were to be left to the co-operation of the two services. Parliament was assured that the representatives of the two services had promised their loyal co-operation. It remains a fact, however, that the Government decision is a long way from removing all the seeds of controversy and discontent. It was this which was chiefly to be desired.

That the Admiralty should have full administrative and operational control of all aircraft operating with the Fleet at sea has been shown to be desirable on many occasions. It is self-evident that one side in a battle must be under a disadvantage if the control of his weapons is vested in two commands with different ideas as to their use. So far as the control of the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm proper is concerned, the Government decision is undoubtedly wise. Here the only criticism is that such a decision should have taken so long. Had it been taken some years ago there is no doubt that the material and morale of the Fleet Air Arm would be of a higher standard than it is to-day.

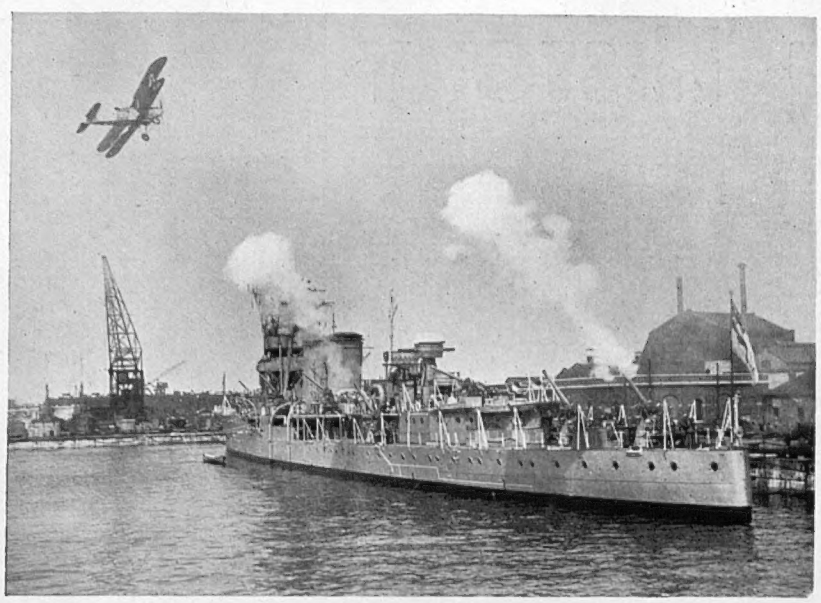
The problem of the flying boats has also been solved by the Government decision. They are to remain under the complete control of the Air Ministry. This is a decision which is far from satisfying the Royal Navy. As weapons of war flying boats are essentially sea craft. Their main use is for oversea reconnaissance and patrol—keeping watch for the appearance of enemy warships. The duties of the personnel of a flying boat are manifold, and they require a special knowledge which is almost entirely naval in character. It would be seldom in war that a flying boat could see the whole of an enemy movement. It is far more likely that it will see only one small portion of the enemy fleet. From that small portion, its course and speed and formation, the flying boat will have to deduce the disposition of the enemy main fleet and the probable intentions of the enemy. That is the art of naval reconnaissance, and it demands a thorough knowledge of naval strategy and tactics. These are not matters which can efficiently be taught in a single course of instruction. They are matters with which naval personnel becomes familiar from long practice and from having to solve such problems throughout his whole career.

The problem of shore aerodromes and their use by the Fleet Air Arm has been left to the co-operation between the two services. Here one seems to detect a reluctance on the part of the Government to enter into one of the most difficult aspects of the control of the Fleet Air Arm. Air training from aircraft carriers is sensibly slowed down if the aircraft carrier has not got a shore aerodrome under her lee where her machines can be sent in the event of sudden bad weather. Moreover, whenever an aircraft carrier enters the dockyards her machines are landed at an aerodrome so that training can be continued while the ship is immobile in dock.

Hitherto Fleet Air Arm machines have landed and operated on these occasions at Royal Air Force aerodromes, and in order that the naval officer shall have some standing in this strange land he has been given an honorary rank in the Royal Air Force. Apparently this is no longer to be the case. Mr. Chamberlain said that he could visualise Admiralty control of parts of some aerodromes, or possibly the whole of some aerodromes. Here, surely, is matter for argument, jealousy and inefficiency—a matter which should be settled by the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence with his power to over-ride either of the services.

There is no doubt of the honesty of the desire of the Chiefs of Staffs of the two services to give their loyal co-operation to the working out of these thorny details. It must be remembered, however, that they are seeking to answer for thousands of officers in whom inter-service rivalry is properly very strong. For this reason one doubts whether the Government decision will prove as final as the Prime Minister hopes. Should controversy continue, however, the Government would be doing an ill service to the safety of the nation by not taking immediate and strong action to end it.

K. E.



THE "COVENTRY" DEFENDS HERSELF: This cruiser, which has been re-equipped as an anti-aircraft vessel, gives a spectacular display at Portsmouth Navy Week as she wards off attacks from "enemy aircraft" with her powerful batteries

"The World's Best Bob's-worth"

Navy Week and its Wisecracking Broadcasters who Put the Holiday Crowds in Rare Good Humour

"YOU can't beat the boys of the bulldog breed that made Old England's name." Of course you can't. The old song swelled in a lilting pæan of praise of our fighting men. I raise it again in praise of those fighting men who, through the worst years of pacifism and doubt, have made Navy Week what it is, whether at Portsmouth, Chatham or Plymouth. The seamen in charge have made the Navy a reality to us, and a lovable reality at that. With high good humour and a breeze all their own, they have made us realise—with many a punctuated laugh—that they are indeed our "Sure Shield." And what a jolly one!

One has to realise that the "brains" of the Navy are not divorced from international politics. The Navy has to play its part in Imperial Defence and other matters. And now that various irksome Treaties count less and less, it has brought itself up-to-date with a bang. And what a bang! There are practical "thrills" at Portsmouth undreamed of three years ago when Navy Week was first started. You realise, comparing then with now, what strides have been made, how up-to-the-last-minute everything is. And how lively. If Mr. Charles Cochran is in search of producers let him apply to the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth. If the B.B.C. is in need of announcers possessed of humour and a tang let Sir John Reith apply in the same direction.

It was piping hot as I sweated along the Hard. The air vibrated with a broadcast of "Life on the Ocean Wave." It was so thunderous that it must surely have awakened Drake in his far off "shotted shroud." But, as I passed through the main gates of the dockyard the music inappropriately ceased and a giant voice, urbane but authoritative, said: "If Able Seaman Albert Smith, of *Nelson*, will proceed to Red Headquarters, he will find his fiancée, Miss Sims, waiting for him."

Everyone laughed, but we were all taken aback. The might of the Navy had paused in the day's work to make sure that Albert Smith found his girl. Perhaps it was little things like that which made the "Nelson touch." Anyhow—as we shall presently see—that voice broke in at intervals throughout the afternoon to corral little personal affairs whether in "Blue area," "Yellow area," or "Red area," into which the maze of the dockyard is divided for the guidance of lost and plodding landlubbers.

Did I say plodding? Well, I know now what Navy Week means. It means that it takes a week to see it. I had set out to see some of the new "turns," some of the new "thrills" of an up-to-date programme.

It was a relief to get down to where a Nor' East wind rippled the vastness of Basin 3. Here were motor boats, each manned by a couple of midshipmen, dashing about at a speed and in a manner that took one's breath away—crossing each other's bows, missing each other by hair's-breadths, and hurtling towards the basin's sides in a manner that seemed to make death certain.

"What," said the pleasant voice of the broadcaster from the cruiser *Coventry*, "these lads sometimes forget, is that there are no brakes on these craft. One of them found that out the other day when he hit the wall." (Laughter.)

Yes, he was a wag, this broadcaster. There were lulls. In one of the lulls he said: "Have you seen the wireless station at which you can send off wireless messages to your friends? And, oh! girls, have you seen the wireless operator? Simply beautiful! Dark, and with curly hair. A film star! And he's not even engaged. Oh! girls, now's your chance! But don't stampede till you've seen the bombing attack on *Coventry*. It's a great show. I am now handing you over to the Man with Lungs of Brass."

A titter ran round the vast verges of Basin 3. Then, a voice with a bite in it: "Well, thank God old Golden Voice has gone, but why he should call me the Man with Lungs of Brass I don't know. They were once lungs of iron, but they have got a bit rusty through swallowing too much sea water."

Then he explained the position of a ship which found itself at sea, or in harbour, and likely to be the object of an attack by air. H.M.S. *Coventry* is in a comparatively assured position as she has been reconstructed and re-armed as a Floating Anti-Aircraft Battery. None the less she had a hot time.

Bugles rang out, men doubled to their stations. Out of the blue came nine machines of the Fleet Air Arm. One could hear the roaring of them long before they were "spotted." The *Coventry's* anti-aircraft guns blazed. One of the planes plunged down in flames. And another, but the attack was undaunted.

The aeroplanes swooped for closer attack. Bombs—cardboard bombs—splashed into the water uncomfortably near. One plane swooped, screaming, and just missed *Coventry's* funnels.

Then, once again, the urbane but authoritative voice: "Will Able Seaman Adams report on board *Courageous* at once?"

One was left wondering whether it was his girl or the Master-at-Arms who desired his presence.

But what a show. No wonder they call it the "World's Best Bob's-worth." The broadcasting is alone worth the price.

W. H.-W.

Ulster's Welcome to the King and Queen

IN THE GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE: The King and Queen inspecting a combined parade of Northern Ireland ex-service men and women outside Belfast City Hall before entering the building for the presentation of addresses of loyalty in the council chamber. One aspect of the Coronation visit to Belfast last week when the people of the six counties of the Imperial Province flocked into the capital in order to acclaim Their Majesties

THE MISHAP AT BALMORAL: As the Royal car drove through the show grounds and 30,000 youngsters, most of them members of such uniformed organisations as the Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, and Boys' Brigade, accorded the King and Queen a vociferous reception, the wall in the foreground of this picture collapsed and several children were injured

CIVIC GREETING: Sir Crawford McCullagh, Lord Mayor of Belfast, receiving the King and Queen at the entrance to the Garden of Remembrance where the ex-service men's inspection took place. His Majesty wore the full dress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet and the Ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick

THE OUTRAGES ON THE ULSTER-FREE STATE BORDER: The Customs hut (*above*) and the railway line (*right*), which were blown up at Dundalk by I.R.A. raiders from the Free State on the morning of the King's visit, the idea behind these acts of sabotage evidently being to hold up trains bringing visitors from Dublin to Belfast to see the King and Queen. At the Customs hut at Killeen, South Armagh, the police patrol was held up by a band of men armed with revolvers and machine-guns, while two Customs huts at Crossmaglen, Co. Armagh, were also blown up; one being on the Free State side and the other in Ulster

EX-KING ALFONSO IN HAPPY MOOD: An interesting situation has arisen in which the father may have to step aside for the son, if a restoration of monarchy in Spain should become a practical issue

JUAN *or* ALFONSO?

Will this Become the Burning Question of the Day when, and if, Franco Wins and He Decides to Restore the Monarchy in Spain?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT hardly seems that enough attention has been paid in this country or anywhere else to General Franco's recent championing—there is no other term—of young Prince Juan for the Spanish throne. Beyond small press messages, nothing has appeared. Yet, if eventually realisable, might not the project bring the nearest thing possible to a form of reconciliation between the still hopelessly contending forces on either side? Might it not also be expected to act as a bridge or a meeting ground between certain of the Powers vitally interested?

One need be no inveterate royalist, or even a royalist at all, to ask these questions. If a restoration can bring back Spain to something approaching sanity, while at the same time staving off the threatened European war—and every stave from now onwards is to the good—then obviously it is not a matter to be discussed with prejudice or hostility. That the Nationalist chief has got something of reconciliation in his mind, as distinct from squashing the foe, should he win, is evident from the statement: "The new king must come as a peacemaker, not as a conqueror."

Just previously Franco had said: "The new monarchy would not be the same as the old," and this brings us up directly with difficulty number one. Former King Alfonso, from Rome, let it be known that he considered himself the only candidate for the throne of Spain in the event of a restoration. "By virtue of his very title, as Prince of the Asturias, Don Juan is first in the line of succession to his father," it was pointed out on the senior exile's behalf. "The King never gave his full and final abdication, while he holds the renunciation of his two elder sons, the Count of Covadonga and Don Jaime."

Is there, then, to be a contest between father and third son, the handsome and intelligent 24-year-old one-time British naval cadet who, to my knowledge, was being prepared for the succession as long ago as early 1927? In April of that year one or two of us interviewed the chief Spanish editors in Seville and Madrid. "Juan is a bright and healthy boy of thirteen," we were told. "More cannot be said at present." But according to American colleagues more *could* have been told, and to the extent that there was even then a movement afoot to put Juan on the throne when he came of age (sixteen) three years later—which would have been a year before the revolution cost Alfonso his crown.

Why this desire to sidetrack King Alfonso at that time and, again, now? Three post-bellum kings have won through to their thrones from exile, and two have managed to hold them successfully—Carol of Rumania and George of Greece. The third, "Tino," got back his throne twice over—unique event in history—yet lost it in the end, to die an outcast. Must Alfonso be fated to do the same?

Duly distilled, here seems to be the answer of the moderate Spaniard, extremely rare species still to be found languishing in certain parts of Western Europe:—"Those who back the former monarch use three principal arguments. They emphasise that the royalist cause was not trodden underfoot, by any means, at the fateful municipal elections of April 14, 1931, but that the results of these were read wrongly in Palace and Cabinet because all the first polls showed an overwhelming republican vote in the big centres of population. They next draw attention to the King's ready self-sacrifice in leaving the country at once, thereby preventing civil war and great bloodshed. Thirdly, the argument is that Alfonso would bring back tradition, and all that that means to at least two of the estates that are to be resurrected if Franco wins—the Church and the Army.

"But there are other considerations badly telling against the former ruler. It is held that by allowing Primo de Rivera to become dictator, in 1923, the Sovereign violated his oath to the constitution. By a vast number of Spaniards Alfonso is looked upon as obscurantist-in-chief, as the man who had a high old time himself while not helping his country or even being an ideal husband and father. It is charged that he paid far too much attention to money-making. But even if that were not true, there remains the fact of his having failed. Neither Carol nor George had a previous record of failure on the throne. Remember, too, that Alfonso had been fatally lampooned and ridiculed since leaving his country. It would be next to impossible to swim against the current thus created. His family's physical weakness need not be stressed, yet it goes against him, too. His own bearing in exile, and that of his eldest son, have not improved his chances. No—Alfonso's return would sound too much like a death-knell ringing up the curtain on the new Spain awaited from the present ghastliness!"

The former King would have a great deal to say to this. In the only interview he has ever given while in exile—to the Spanish journalist, Cesar Ruano, whom he received in the Grand Hotel, Rome—this was how he chose to put things: "Without beating about the bush, you may say that Alfonso XIII is always at the disposal of Spain. That he never intrigues, never hopes, never suspects, but that he simply waits. If I were recalled to my post, I would accept, for it is now the moment, more than ever, and a place of honour which demands sacrifices." Asked what kind of regime he would seek to ensue, in the event of his being restored, the ex-King made flattering references to "the order and authority which have saved Italy and Germany"; then continued: "But there is another form of fascism, of dictatorship, to which the world pays too little attention—Portugal. In my view, Oliveira Salazar is an admirable figure—one who does each thing without boasting about it."

So Alfonso would copy Portugal which has just celebrated the eleventh anniversary of its present regime. Salazar was preceded by some fifteen years of financial and political chaos, conducting to nadir with the world depression. If there be no doubt that the country is on the mend to-day—as shown by its stocks, exports, and entry of capital, by its educational, irrigation, roadmaking and afforestation plans—impossible to deny that dissatisfaction and unrest continue, and not only from the Communist element. Salazar has throughout relied on the armed forces, and not all of these are glad at the manner in which Portugal is being "turned into a German colony," her colonial possessions "placed in jeopardy," and an "Italian mainmise" being invited through the creation of the Portuguese Legion. But to resume:—

Ex-King Alfonso told his interviewer that he spends practically the whole of his day reading the newspapers and Fascist books, dealing with his correspondence, and receiving the few visitors who now come from Spain "these days of mourning." For two hours each evening he plays bridge at a local club. I have come across his path several times in later years—Vienna, Munich, the Italian Lakes, Tyrol—and that is about how he has been spending his time. Exile is no gay business, for ex-kings, these days. It may have been all right for a Duke of Orleans, with all Europe as potential playground. Now there are hardly more than half-a-dozen countries one can reasonably go to.

There has been one marked change, however, in Alfonso's life this summer: an open *modus vivendi*, if not reconciliation, between himself and the ex-Queen. After not meeting her husband face to face for several years, Queen Victoria took the occasion of the birth of a grandchild to go to Rome, as she had done before, but this time she stayed on and was frequently seen in the company of the ex-King. They were even photographed kneeling side by side in church, at the marriage of a minor member of the House of Bourbon, and it was precisely this "publicised" religious reunion that started the rumours which one brought back to England the other day, only to have them largely negatived the same week by General Franco!

For what Rome was saying was this: that the known marital differences between the former King and Queen required to be publicly healed before Franco could advance what he had in mind. Franco, it was pointed out, had always been passionately devoted to the monarchy, and his first act on reaching Seville a year ago had been to embrace the Royal Standard. After the war had been won, he intended at once to abolish the divorce law the Republic had brought in (even as Von Schuschnigg had done no less in Austria); meanwhile even a continued separation would gravely jeopardise the ex-King's chances.

Main objection was to be expected from the Carlists who have adopted Xavier of Bourbon-Parma (ex-Empress Zita's brother) as their candidate for the throne. Yet three things were militating against that candidature. Xavier himself was not a bit keen. The firmest anti-Alfonso element, General Mola, had been eliminated by the destiny of war. And the chief financier of the Nationalists, Juan March, had always been a staunch Alfonsist.

So that Rome recently came to the conclusion that ex-King Alfonso was on a good thing. Besides the *modus vivendi* with his Queen, it was noted how he sternly disowned the Count of Covadonga upon his second marriage; how the projected sale of Queen Victoria's jewels was called off suddenly and without explanation. Rome thought things out this way:—

"Franco reckons that a restoration of Alfonso will make things easier for him to get imperative loans from London which would again see an Englishwoman on the Spanish throne, and, beside her, one who had always been exceptionally friendly with England. Similarly, Signor Mussolini could

(Continued on page 238)

THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS: The handsome and intelligent Infante Juan, third son of ex-King Alfonso, whose claims to the throne are being championed in more than one quarter

From DICTATOR LANDS

Italy's Avanguardisti Visit Frankfurt-on-Main: Wounded Italians Return from the Civil War

A SUNDAY OUTING ON THE ISAR: Members of the German "Strength Through Joy" organisation taking a trip down the fast flowing Bavarian river on rafts—the only craft that can negotiate the currents in safety. The Isar is essentially the national stream of the Bavarians, holding a great place in their affections, and those who live upon its banks are reckoned the very core of the Bavarian race

THE FUNERAL OF MARCHESE MARCONI: Gioja Marconi, a daughter of the great Italian inventor and wireless pioneer, wearing deep mourning during the service for her father in the church of Santa Maria Degli Angeli in Rome where the funeral was attended by many notabilities of church and state, including Signor Mussolini

BACK TO BLIGHTY AFTER MONTHS OF CAMPAIGNING: Wounded Italian soldiers pictured at Naples following their return from Spain where they have been fighting for Franco. Some of them manage a smile but most bear only too clearly the traces of the immense ordeal through which they have passed

FASCES AND SWASTIKA: Members of the Avanguardista, the Italian youth organisation, lined up in one of the main squares at Frankfurt-on-Main where they were given an official reception by the Nazi authorities before starting on a short holiday tour of Germany. There were 450 of them, each shouldering a haversack

PREFERMENT FOR A PAPAL DIGNITARY AND STATESMAN: The scene in St. Peter's, Rome, during the solemn moment of the consecration of Cardinal Tisserand as bishop, who is seen seated before the high altar. The Cardinal holds an important position in the Vatican hierocracy, being Secretary of the Oriental Congregation and responsible for all affairs of the Roman Church in the East

PALESTINE PERSONALITIES: Four Men in Dominating Positions in the Holy Land To-day

BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE AND ZIONISM'S CHAMPION: Sir Arthur Wauchope, the High Commissioner for Palestine and at present the supreme power in the country, in conversation with Dr. Chaim Weizmann, who has fought so hard to make Palestine the Jewish national home

JERUSALEM

WHO are the men in whose hands lies the destiny of the Holy Land? Why cannot these figures restore peace in this tiny strip of land along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, where for the seventh time in two decades mass-acres and riots have taken place? What is there about Palestine that makes it a hotbed for racial antagonisms? Is it the climate, which is the finest in the world? Is it the Arabs, who make excellent warriors and who must fight if they are to be happy? Is it the Jews who are returning under British aegis to their ancient homeland? Is it the weakness of the Palestine Administration? Or is it something in the characters of these men, whom I am about to describe, that has invited trouble?

Four men who stand out in the political and administrative life of Palestine to-day are the following: Arthur Wauchope, the High Commissioner; J. G. Dill, Commanding the Palestine troops; Chaim Weizmann the Jewish leader; Haj Amin el Husseini, the Arab leader.

His Excellency the High Commissioner.—A small man, ageing but alert, with small, intelligent eyes, moustache, and occasionally with his reading glasses. Erect military bearing. A gruff voice but an authoritative one. Charming English manners.

That, in short, is Arthur Grenfel Wauchope, His Majesty's High Commissioner for Palestine and Trans-Jordan, known among his subordinates as "Bendy."

Bendy was appointed to his responsible position six years ago, and is the first ruler of Palestine to receive a second term most of which he has still to serve. During his administration the country made enormous strides both in population and industrial wealth. More than 60,000 immigrants came during 1935, adding tremendously to the wealth and brains of Palestine. But it was also during Sir Arthur's administration that the Arab revolt of 1936 took place, costing the country over £2,000,000 besides hundreds of lives, British, Arab, and Jewish.

During the Palestine revolt Sir Arthur practised his widely discussed policy of "silk gloves". A friend of the Arabs he hated to leave bitter memories of a tyrannical governorate. Yet he abhorred the violence and murder as much as anyone else. His forbearance is said by many who do not understand the man to have been largely responsible for the long-drawn-out disturbances. But His Excellency is also a friend of the Jews, and the Jews know it. For was it not General Wauchope who made it possible for almost 100,000 Jews to come into the country during the last five years? Was it not he who encouraged the development of Jewish industry so that it made Palestine the industrial centre of the Near East and brought millions of pounds of capital into the country from wealthy investors abroad?

On March 21, Sir Arthur Wauchope was given dictatorial powers by the new Defence Order-in-Council, 1937. He is the supreme ruler of the country to-day, that is, except for the control exercised by the Colonial Office and House of Commons. No court can challenge his decisions. He can order the seizure of any kind of property without even explaining himself. He can inflict fines, give reprieves, call out the military, imprison anybody he chooses. With this power goes something else, responsibility. He is charged with establishing peace in the battle-scarred land. Can he do it? Time will tell.

PALESTINE'S SECOND ALLENBY: Lieut.-General J. G. Dill, D.S.O., the chief military aide and adviser to the High Commissioner in Palestine. His promptitude in stamping out terrorism when he arrived in the country in the autumn of last year won him wide recognition

Lieutenant-General J. G. Dill, D.S.O.—The War brain of the British Army. That's the way J. G. Dill is known. Formerly the director-general of the Military Intelligence Department, Dill was ordered to Palestine at a time when it seemed that the civil authorities couldn't handle the situation. A short time after his arrival the Arabs called off their strike, withdrew their "armies" from the hills and declared an armistice. The dates are: Lieutenant-General Dill's arrival in Jerusalem, September 14, 1936. Arab strike called off, October, 1936.

The War Brain, dubbed here as Palestine's second Allenby, was born on Christmas Day, 1881, as John Greer Dill. He was educated at Sandhurst, entered the Army in 1901, became a captain in 1911, and a Lieutenant-General in 1935.

Thirty-seven years ago his prowess as a warrior was recognised. In the South African war he distinguished himself, winning the Queen's Medal and mention in dispatches. As Commanding Officer of the 2nd Infantry Brigade during the world war Dill also gave a good account of himself, and he was rewarded later with a D.S.O. and C.M.G. His promotion was rapid after that. For two years he served as instructor in the Imperial Defence College, in 1929 he served as Brigadier-General on the Staff in India, and later received an appointment as Commander of the Staff College, Camberley.

To John Greer Dill Britain owes in a good measure her present defence plans, for, with Sir Thomas Inskip, Lieut.-General Dill prepared them. He represented his country in the Staff talks when Germany boldly demilitarised the Rhineland last fall.

As the chief military aide and adviser to General Sir Arthur Wauchope, whose immediate junior in the General Staff he is, Dill is in Palestine during a critical period in British history. Upon his shoulders there are grave responsibilities.

Chaim Weizmann.—To-day he is regarded as one of the world's most eminent statesmen. He is feared, he is hated, he is beloved. Millions of Jews throughout the world worship him as though he were some superior being. His enemies caricature him as a devil with horns. In England he commands respect which perhaps is accorded to no other Jew living. In America he is deemed to be the Prince of Jewry. Why?

The answer is—Palestine. What Palestine is to-day, and that means not money-stuffed banks and crowded cities, is seen as the work of Weizmann more than that of any other single individual.

Weizmann persuaded Lord Balfour that Zionism is a movement for the redemption of Jewry in the home of their ancients. Balfour said years later that Weizmann "made me a Zionist." The outcome of their conversion is, as everyone knows, the Balfour Declaration—a document which is the heart of the movement.

DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN: A recent studio portrait of the world Zionist leader; one of the most eminent and respected Jews living and the inspiration of his people

Haj Amin el Husseini.—Forty-four years old and a direct descendant from Hussein, son of the Khalif Ali and Fatima, the daughter of Muhammad, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem is the most powerful individual in Arab Palestine. It is he who leads the anti-Zionist movement in Palestine. Shrewd, able, and completely single-minded in his condemnation of Jewish nationalism, Haj Amin is held by his followers to be among the great Muslim leaders of modern times.

The family's original name was es-Aswad "The Black") after the village of Dir Sudan ("The Dwelling of the Black") in the area of Ramallah where Haj Amin's forbears settled in Palestine on migrating from Yemen some 400 years ago. The family subsequently moved to Jerusalem where it rose to importance, gaining a place in the administration of the country, thanks to an ability to adjust itself to the prevailing conditions of the Turkish regime.

Amin el Husseini was educated in a Muslim school and later in a Government school. At the age of nineteen, he entered a Muslim college in Cairo. On the death of his father, Sheikh Taher, Mufti of Jerusalem, who was succeeded by his elder son, Rashik Chamel, the latter helped to maintain Amin out of his own poor salary of £5 a month

(Continued on page 238)

"THE MOST INFLUENTIAL ARAB IN PALESTINE" was the Royal Commission's description of Haj Amin el Husseini. His power comes from three sources. As Grand Mufti of Jerusalem he commands the hierarchy of the mosques; as President of the Moslem Supreme Council he controls religious funds amounting to more than £60,000 a year without being obliged to render account of them, and as President of the Higher Arab Committee, formed to organise the strike last year, he is the political leader who dominates almost single-handed the Arab town and village committees

THE "SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

The Passing of an American Democratic Leader and of Yugoslavia's Patriarch

WASHINGTON MOURNS: President Roosevelt (seated in foreground towards left) facing the flower-bedecked coffin of Senator Joseph Robinson, of Arkansas, during the short service held in the United States Senate House before the interment of the noted politician whose death has robbed the Democratic Party of its leader in the Senate and America of a much respected and beloved political figure. In 1928 Robinson was the Democratic nominee for Vice-President on the ticket headed by the redoubtable but unsuccessful Governor "Al" Smith, bearing himself well in dealing with the vital issues of the day. Two years later he was in London as a member of the delegation to the Naval Conference

TAKING LIFE EASY: Mr. John Garner, Vice-President of the United States, on holiday at his home at Uvalde, Texas, whither he went from Washington despite the fact that Congress was in session—an unprecedented step arousing much comment

TENSION IN BELGRADE: Devout citizens thronging round the glass coffin of the dead Patriarch Varnava, head of the Serbian Orthodox Church, as he lay in state in Belgrade Cathedral. His death has evoked great emotion among the populace, particularly as it has occurred at a time when members of the Serbian Church see a serious threat to their faith in the passing of the new Vatican Concordat Bill in the Yugoslavian Parliament; a measure which they declare will place the Roman Catholic Church in an unduly privileged position

GEOLOGISTS FORGATHER: These four English and South African delegates, pictured here outside the Academy of Sciences, are visiting Moscow for the International Geological Congress

TRIBUTES TO PATRIARCH VARNAVA: A father lifting up his son so that he might kiss the ikon and look through the glass coffin on to the features of the dead churchman as he lay in state in Belgrade. Not a few of the mourners indulged in emotional outbursts, one stalwart Montenegrin peasant breaking into a lyrical apostrophe, "O thou, our pride, why art thou gone from us so young?"

Night Fête at Restored VILLANDRY

Celebrating the Restoration and Transformation of a Famous Renaissance Castle in Touraine

TRANSFORMING A CASTLE OF TOURAINE: The Château de Villandry, which lies about 10 miles from Tours, as it appeared in its nineteenth-century form prior to the work of Dr. Carvallo who has now completely restored it to its original aspect, removing many intrusive features and giving it back its pristine dignity. The task has taken nearly twenty years and its completion was celebrated recently by a most elaborate night fête and firework display

METAMORPHOSIS: The Château de Villandry as it appears to-day, restored to its Renaissance aspect. This picture and that at the top of this page, which was taken at very nearly the same angle, afford a remarkable comparison, enabling the reader to note the alterations made by Dr. Carvallo detail by detail. The roof structure of the two wings remains as before, but little crocketted spires have been added to most of the attic windows

TREES WERE UPROOTED, FOUNTAINS DEMOLISHED, AND THOUSANDS OF CUBIC FEET OF EARTH REMOVED in order to re-create this formal French garden at Villandry, making it appear exactly as it did before the Hainguerlot family converted it into an English park in the nineteenth century and, in so doing, wholly destroyed the typical French character of the place

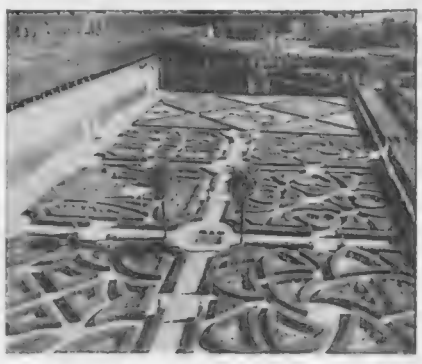
ORGANISED by the châtelaine la Baronne Hubert de La Bouillerie in conjunction with the Paris International Exhibition authorities, a night fête took place recently at the famous Château de Villandry. It was also significant as an important event bringing public notice to the extensive restoration work that has just been completed at this historic domain. Several hundred guests arrived from Paris by car and special train, apart from the many who came from the four corners of the Touraine district for this unique occasion.

The impression on arriving at the château was both mysterious and fascinating. The windows of the château were lighted up with little candles, producing a subdued, indirect, flood-lit effect. The Le Nôtre garden was illuminated in the same way, the quivering candlelight of bygone days being reflected in the waters of the lake. The château, thus lit under a clear, starry night sky, with a hazy river mist floating over the moats, suggested a fabulous castle of medieval days.

The evening opened with a meet of the various hunts of the region and a concert of horns, after which a ballet was staged up at the far end of the water-garden. At midnight a firework display was given, which was followed by a ball given in the courtyard of the château.

The Château de Villandry is situated right in the heart of the Touraine and is about 16 kilometres distant from Tours. It is surrounded on all sides by the famous châteaux of the Loire, among which it figures prominently as one of the finest examples of the sumptuous abodes built during the Renaissance era. Villandry is renowned for its beautiful gardens which, unfortunately, were completely demolished during the last century, but which now, thanks to the restoration work carried out by Dr. Carvallo, have been restored to their original aspect.

WHEN VILLANDRY WAS AN ENGLISH PARK: An impression of the château grounds taken twenty years ago, and (*below*) the grounds as they are to-day now that the work of restoration is complete



The château dates back to the tenth century of which there remain only the foundations. Under Philippe-Auguste it became a royal residence and it was here that he signed the Treaty of the Peace of Touraine with Henri II. The great square tower is all that is left to-day of this ancient stronghold. Jean Lebreton, Secretary of State to François I, and one of the most cultured men of his time, had the château reconstructed around this donjon in the early sixteenth century. Such is the imposing Renaissance building that is so much admired having been completely restored. Jean Lebreton was formerly Intendant at the Château of Blois so it was only natural that he should make a noble edifice of the present château.

During the eighteenth century the domain was acquired by the Marquis de Castellane. It was he who had the château and gardens partly transformed in the style of Versailles. He also enlarged the grounds and ordered the great terraces to be built. It was then, too, that Le Nôtre was commissioned to lay out the gardens and lake at the back of the château. After the Revolution, Villandry became the property of the Emperor, who made a present of it to his brother Joseph, King of Spain, who, in turn, sold it to the Hainguerlot family. In the middle of the nineteenth century, this family, influenced by the fashion of the period, considerably transformed the château and, with the aid of a well-known English architect, had all the gardens turned into an English park. Thus, when Dr. Carvallo acquired the property he became the owner of a very different Villandry from that of to-day, as, indeed, the accompanying illustrations show. One can well realise that it has taken over twenty years to restore the château and gardens.

Even though art be an expression of the time, it is difficult to understand the *esprit* of these nineteenth-century artists and architects who went to such trouble and expense in covering over these lovely gardens with hundreds of tons of earth, transforming the beauty of the terraces with an expansive lawn with gravelled paths, fountains, and fir trees! It was the scarcely noticeable inclines between the terraces that first gave Dr. Carvallo the idea that the original gardens must have been of quite a different nature. So he set to work and, after much search, discovered the original plans of Du Cerceau for the Renaissance garden. In time he collected all the plans for the reconstruction of the Gothic, the Renaissance, and the Le Nôtre gardens. Trees were uprooted, fountains removed, great lawns lifted. The total area occupied by the gardens was levelled off in such a manner that the kitchen garden is now on a level with the stables (built by Mansard), the Gothic and Renaissance gardens on a level with the ground floor salons of the château and, higher still, up at the back of these gardens, the lake and park designed by Le Nôtre. But all this was only a part of the great task undertaken by Dr. Carvallo. There was the château itself to restore, which had been badly defaced during the nineteenth century. It was found necessary, according to original plans of the building, to remove a false roof in order to expose the famous donjon tower, take out false windows, reconstruct the colonnaded courtyard, and uncover a great part of the moat.

PYROTECHNICAL CELEBRATIONS: The firework display in progress on the terrace at Villandry last month when a night fête was held to mark the occasion of the completion of the restoration of the château and its extensive gardens

At last the château and gardens appeared in their former fascinating aspect. And so enthusiastically did Dr. Carvallo carry out this restoration work that he succeeded in persuading the owners of many other châteaux to do likewise. A. W.

FROM PARIS AND *the* PROVINCES

Some Recent Events in France

PARIS RECEIVES A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: The Grand Duchess of Luxemburg leaving after attending the reception given in her honour by the municipality on the occasion of her visit to the exhibition

M. BONNET EXPLAINS: The French Finance Minister elucidating to Press representatives the intricacies of his drastic new measures to consolidate the national finances; measures that not only call for a £46,000,000 cut in Treasury expenditure during the remaining months of the year but for increased taxation on a vast scale. These reforms have been received with almost general satisfaction in France

TWO DECADES AFTER: Yugoslavian ex service men, all of whom are of Serbian origin, standing behind the coffins of fallen war comrades on the quayside before embarking at Marseilles and taking the bodies back to Yugoslavia, where they will be interred with full military honours

CHAOS ON THE SEINE: The scene at Bougeval, between Paris and Rouen, where last week bargees made a great barrage of barges across the river before going on strike as a protest against the "unfair competition of private barge owners" who would not conform to the forty-hour week otherwise in general operation. Eventually men of the Garde Mobile, some of whom are pictured in the foreground wearing lifebelts, acted on the instructions of the Minister of Public Works and broke up the barrage

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS DEDICATES A NEW WAR MEMORIAL: An impression of the vast crowd that attended the ceremony at Sainte Anne d'Auray—a gathering including many war veterans, headed by General Weygand, Chief of Staff to Field Marshal Foch during the critical early days of the struggle

M. LEBRUN PAYS ANOTHER VISIT TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION: Members of the Presidential party walking through the rural housing centre at the Porte Maillot; one of the latest sections of the great display to be brought to completion. Paris is now thronged and in most hotels accommodation for August is booked up

ANSWERING AN ALPINE SOS

A Dramatic Series of Pictures Illustrating a Rescue from a Deep Crevasse in the Oetztal Alps, Austria

AT THE SCENE OF THE MISHAP: The woman climber in the foreground has been hanging on with every ounce of strength to the rope attaching herself to her fellow climber who has fallen into the crevasse, and is dangling there; but now at last her cries for help have been answered and two men have arrived to render aid

FINDING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DRAG THE VICTIM FROM THE CREVASSE the rescuers choose a wearisome and very circuitous way round in the hope of reaching the bottom of the crevasse where the man is dangling in ever present danger

WITHIN THE NARROW CREVASSE: The leading rescuer advances with caution knowing that the snow underfoot is dangerous as it may suddenly subside

THE RESCUERS COME UPON THE UNFORTUNATE MOUNTAINEER suspended between the crevasse walls. If he let go suddenly the flooring of snow and ice would collapse and he would be plunged down yet farther

RETURN IN TRIUMPH: The rescuers, with the man they have saved tied between them, make their way with great caution to the summit of the crevasse (*right*)

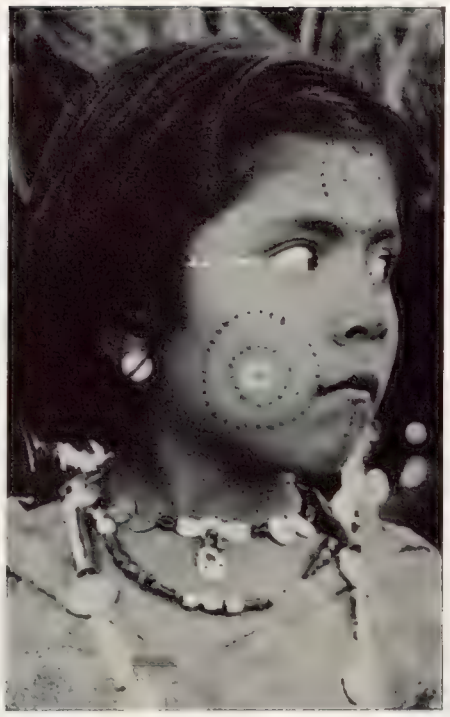
HIS ORDEAL OVER: The victim, his hands by now numb with cold with the strain of grasping the rope, is lowered gently to the snow floor of the crevasse, and there only remains the task of walking back through the dangerous maze of ice walls

THE pictures on this page, which give such a graphic impression of an Alpine rescue, are of particular interest at this moment in view of the recent disaster on the North Wall of the Eiger which resulted in the death of a Salzburg guide attempting to make the perilous ascent with a colleague.

A REMARKABLE CLIMB ON MOUNT KAMET

KAMET FROM THE GHARTOK GLACIER—A STUDY OF THE PEAK FROM THE SOUTH BY MR. C. F. MEADE, AFTER WHOM A COL ON THE PEAK IS NAMED

RECENTLY a very sporting feat of Himalayan mountaineering has been accomplished by two corporals and two privates of the East Surrey Regiment. They made an attempt upon Kamet from the Kamet Glacier. This striking peak, which rises to a height of 25,440 ft. on the frontier of Tibet, was first climbed by the Smythe expedition in 1931. The four soldiers employed no porters, did all their carrying themselves, and although inexperienced in mountaineering, reached 23,000 ft. on the final slope above Meade's Col. For twelve days the party was encamped at 21,000 ft., after which, they moved their kit by relays. Corporal Ridley ascribes their failure to reach the summit to a tactical mistake in attempting the route by way of the precipice from the glacier plateau above East Kamet to the snow slopes stretching up to Meade's Col. Although the party actually reached the top of the precipice they found it impossible to establish a camp. It was then decided to risk the ascent of the steep snow couloir on the right of the precipice, but the previous efforts on the ice-wall had weakened the party, and instead of attempting to establish the higher camp essential to their reaching the summit they decided to climb unloaded as far as they could. Experienced members of the Himalayan Club have been full of praise for the climbers' achievement, especially in view of their modest equipment, and the fact that they did not employ porters above the glacier camps, and that this was their first attempt at serious mountaineering



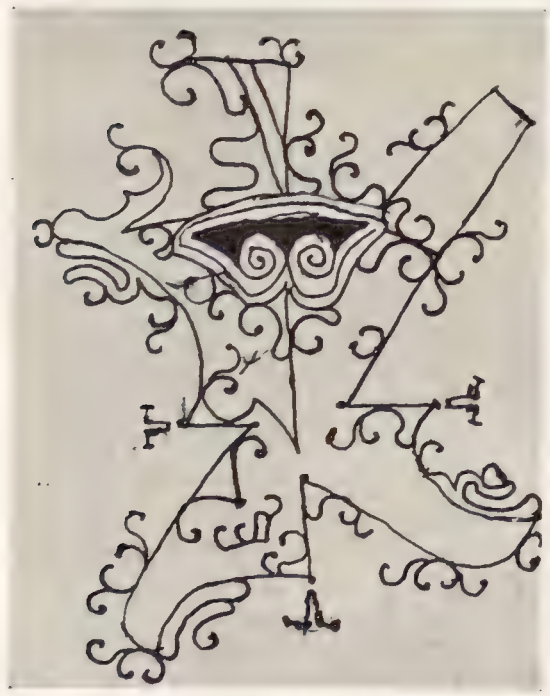
PAINT ON CHEEK AND MOUTH: Two examples of the strange facial decoration indulged in by the women of the Kaduveo Indians. The adult woman has decorated her upper and lower lips with a spiral and spray device and a long dotted line divides the face. The little girl is decorated with a series of circles on both cheeks and forehead

TWO ELABORATE EXAMPLES OF FACE-PAINTING: In the case on the left, the older woman has the face almost entirely covered with a delicate spiral device. In the case on the right, the spirals are confined to the lips with a series of dotted lines running up the nose and on to the forehead. Four circular patches complete the scheme

An extraordinary method of "make-up" is still applied to-day by the women of the Kaduveo Indians living amidst the almost inaccessible marshland to the south of the Matto-Grosso, Brazil. It has been studied recently by Mr. Claude Levi-Strauss, Professor at Sao Paolo University, and his wife who spent four months among the natives. The distance from Sao Paolo to the Kaduveo territory is about 1,000 miles, a trying journey by train, horseback, and pirogue, to Nalike, on the left bank of the Rio Paraguay.

Only the women, girls, and children paint their faces to-day. This habit seems to be a relic of former tattooing practised until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

They use a nib of bamboo dipped in different vegetable juices prepared by themselves. Two types of design can be distinguished, one with concentric motifs, which is rather common in South America, and the arabesque type, which is peculiar to the Kaduveo Indians. As the painting does not last it is repeated every three or four days. Some of the women with an astonishing *bravura* sketched out on paper their personal type of facial painting.



A SPIRAL DEVICE OF THE KADUVEO INDIANS: This is one of the many schemes of decoration collected by Mr. Claude Levi-Strauss, Professor of Sao Paolo University. All these devices are painted on the face and not tattooed

PAINTED FACES IN BRAZIL

Strange Facial Designs from the Matto-Grosso

MUSIC LOVERS of LIBERIA

LOST IN A WORLD OF RHYTHM: This Muhammadan negro, singing to the accompaniment of his harp, is typical of the native population of Liberia. There does not seem to exist any musically ungifted negro anywhere in the country. All sing or play with a natural facility

THE BEATING OF THE DRUM: As the West African music seems to consist more of rhythm than of melody the drum is naturally a much favoured instrument. Some tribes have developed multiple drums, all of which are beaten with the bare hand, and the finger technique rivals that of a European pianist

A GOURD ORCHESTRA: Women are the chief exponents with these particular instruments which consist of hollow gourds slung in a net to whose meshes are attached little bundles of shells and pebbles. A quaint rattling music is evolved. The whole Republic of Liberia is musical from the President downwards. While Europeans find it very difficult to remember an African song with its fluttering rhythm and unexpected cadences, the negroes show an extraordinary facility for picking up European music in a very short space of time

AUGUST — HOLIDAY MONTH: The Great Exodus to Sea and Countryside

THE WENDY HOUSE: These youngsters have found an idyllic spot in which to disport themselves; a home in the trees reminiscent of that which so captures the children's imagination in Barrie's immortal *Peter Pan*

ON DEVON'S UNSPOILT COAST: Fishing boats in the little cove at Combe Martin Bay — a charming spot lying between the populous resorts of Ilfracombe and Lynmouth

AUGUST, the holiday month, is with us once again and the great exodus from city and town that has been gathering pace throughout July approaches its peak as black-coated worker and artisan, care-free for once, make for the country and the sea, revelling for a brief space in the absence of routine and a healthy, invigorating change of scene. And what scenes there are on which to feast the eye. Britain's coastal beauties, glimpses of which are given in the following pages, have a fascination that neither time nor familiarity can dim.

WHERE THE HUER RAISED HIS CRY: The old house at Newquay where in bygone days a man was stationed so that he could keep watch for the pilchard shoals

d

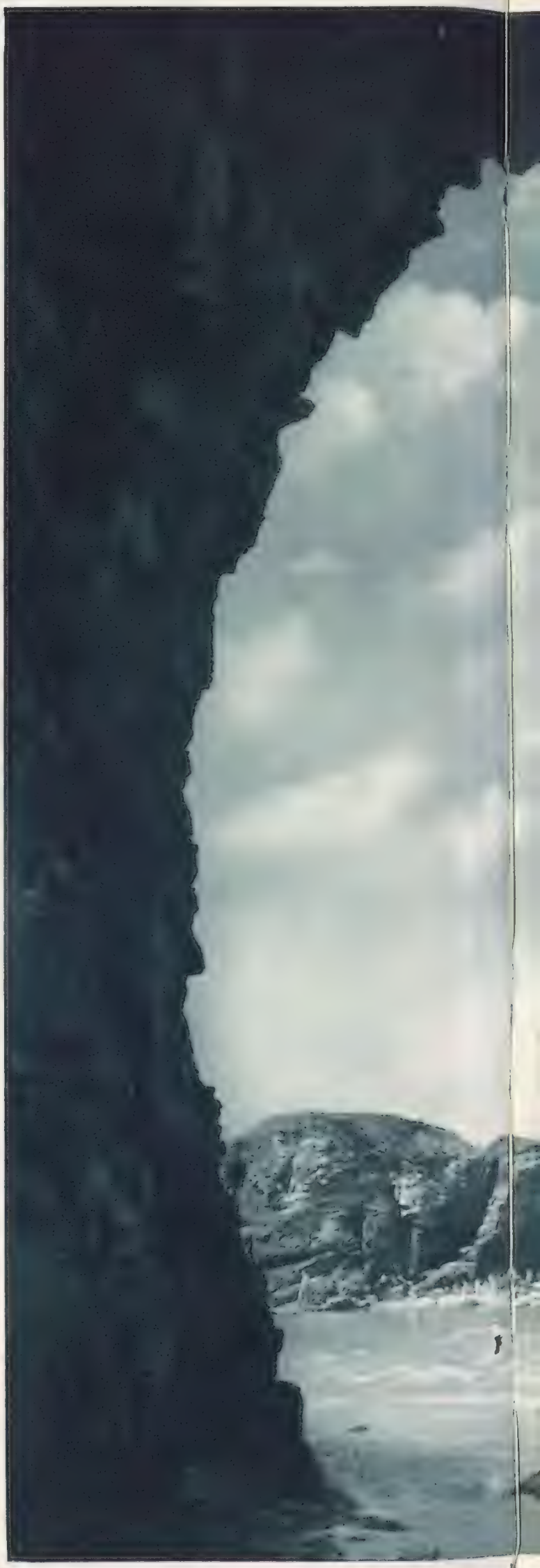
THE CALL OF THE

WINDOW ON THE SURF

Looking out on the Atlantic rollers as they sweep towards the shore, shorn at this time of the year of their formidable size and ferocity

TRYING HER LUCK

Shrimping in a pool as the tide recedes is great sport even though this may not be the best season for it. It takes more than that to damp the ardour of the carefree holidaymaker



"THE DARK UNFATHOM'D. CAVES towards the sands through one of the of rock that are such a spectacular fea in the vicinity of Perranporth; a Cor at once wild and romantic, remini

THE SUMMER SEA

D. CAVES OF OCEAN": Looking
orie of the beautiful natural archways
tacul- feature of the coastal scenery
th; a Cornish resort with an aspect
ic, reminiscent of smuggling days

In winter the waves at Bude are truly mountainous in their dimensions, and even in August they are sufficiently boisterous to make surfing there somewhat of an adventure

THE INCOMING TIDE

Where Trevelgue Head juts boldly into the sea flanked by golden sands as inviting as any upon the North Cornish coast. A firm, clean beach and a gently flowing tide bring peace to the beholder

CORNWALL'S SABLE D'OR

THE CALL OF THE SUMMER SEA: *Then and Now*

THE CULT OF THE BATHING POOL

The new open-air swimming pool at Black Rock, near Brighton, complete with sun-bathing plage, restaurant, and gallery for spectators

"COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS"

Children disporting themselves in the warm waters of a rock pool at Newquay. Here the sands are crystalline, compact, and brilliant and the bathing is safe at all states of the tide

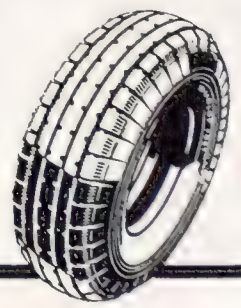
On left—
WHEN WOMEN WORE STRAWS AND MEN WORE BOWLERS BY THE SEA: This picture, providing such a contrast to present day modes, was taken in 1880 at Llandudno, North Wales. In the background is the pier which a contemporary guide book described as "a handsome iron structure, nearly 800 yards in length, by means of which steamboat passengers are able to land or to embark at any state of the tide. Upon it are several neat kiosks for the sale of fruit, refreshments, sweets, newspapers, books, views, and other articles. Every morning an orchestra of forty performers gives a free concert at the spacious pier head where there is sitting accommodation for 2,000 persons"

FAMOUS FORTS

WINDSOR CASTLE

Though the Saxon Kings had a residence at Windsor, the present Castle was begun as a fortress by William the Conqueror on the site now occupied by The Famous Round Tower.

Of all the mediaeval strongholds, none retains its pristine splendour so well as the royal residence at Windsor. By apt analogy DUNLOP, the first practical pneumatic tyre for the comfort and protection of wheeled transport, still holds in the new DUNLOP Fort, the premier place for safety, length of service and economical upkeep.

The New **DUNLOP**  Fort

C.F.H.

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

AUGUST 1ST Up early, and away in Mr. Fisher's motor carriage, with my wife, Mr. Fisher, his wife and their child Shirley, to our water party up the river. An ill journey, Mr. Fisher's carriage making much noise with little speed and not being intended by its makers for five persons and a meddlesome dog. Arrived at Marlow, we chartered a punt, Mr. Fisher guiding it (none too well) until we were come into a narrow backwater with a neighbouring inn. From which inn we fetched good store of Schweppes' Sparkling Grape Fruit and Sparkling Lime, proper drinks for sun-dry throats. So, upon a smooth green bank facing a great tree, we took our luncheon. And, wearied by the chatter of the child and the clamour of the dog, we were mightily thankful for the gentle solace of those cool drinks for which the House of Schweppes is justly famous.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Camping Out on the Côte d'Azur

White Russian Exiles and Paris Black-Coated Workers Go Holiday-making on a Coast that was Once Exclusively the Haunt of the Well-to-do

A FEW years ago a benevolent ex-Grand Duke of Russia loaned several acres of his land to impoverished white Russians living in the Quartier in Paris, who sorely needed a summer holiday but could not afford to pay for one.

The land lies along the Côte d'Azur near the pretty little village of Mandelieu, whither English people flock in the winter for the racing. It is pleasant wooded country bordering a long stretch of yellow beach.

His offer was soon taken advantage of in the Russian colony in Paris and everyone, from taxi-drivers to students and even a few mannequins, flocked thither. For the whole of the summer the land was thrown open to them. Tents were pitched in the wood, cooks appointed for every day, and the charge for food and lodging worked out at the equivalent in English money of about three shillings. The next year so many applications were received for accommodation in the camp that it was possible to procure special facilities from the railways for cheap travel.

To-day Mandelieu which is only about seven kilometres from Cannes is rapidly developing into a Russian colony during the summer months. For where there was only one camp a few years ago there are many to-day dotted along the cost from Cannes and all are run by Russians. One of the biggest is near St. Maxime.

This camp has the honour of being run by an impoverished Russian baron, who has a genius for organisation and a gay exterior, which attracts many to the site. Here the camp borders the sea and is completely *sauvage*. Their one great difficulty is the daily transportation of water, but the scenery is so beautiful and the company so gay that no one minds. It has now been running three years and looks like holding its reputation of being the most popular.

Generally the camps open about the first week in July (though a few start earlier) and close in mid-October. And now, though the movement was first started by Russians for Russians, it has spread rapidly along the Côte d'Azur and one or two of the camps might be termed a veritable League of Nations. Bank clerks and typists from Paris, Russian balalaika players, art students, a few Londoners, and at least one or two Germans come every year.

For here they are assured of ideal camping weather with the additional attraction of perfect bathing beaches. And for a few francs they can go into Juan les Pins, or Cap d'Antibes and imagine themselves "idle rich" for a day. For youth attired à la mode Côte d'Azur in a jumper or vest, shorts, and sandals look very much the same on the beach whether they earn francs by the hundred or thousand. One of the most peculiar reflections of the movement is that you will see, in all the popular resorts from Cap d'Antibes to Cannes, a new generation of White Russians who have grown up exiles in Paris, and come there to disport themselves in the cheapest way possible in the same resorts where their parents previously lolled in luxury. They are the sons and daughters of Russian officers, killed or exiled during the revolution.

This year there was such a run on tents in Paris that several parties started off without them and are cheerfully living in the woods near Mandelieu, like gipsies.

In one case the immediate shortage of tents was solved in a peculiar manner. A camping club which was started this year with a fairly large initial membership suddenly found that the opening day had arrived, but the tents could not be delivered for some weeks. So the president, the son of a famous Cossack officer, hied himself to Mandelieu to have a look round.

The plot of ground he had chosen as a site faced the racecourse. Nearby there are about thirty large horse-boxes, equipped with electric light, to house the racers that come there every winter.

He approached *Madame la propriétaire*, who leases the boxes for the racing season and found that he could have them for the summer months for a song. Beds were installed therein and a large barn cleaned out to be used as a dining-room. The first party arrived, looked a little doubtfully at the notice "Be Kind to the Animals" and started unpacking their bags with doleful faces.

The party is now cheerfully installed and though it includes such a mixed bag as a retired French nurse of sixty years, three young typists from Paris, a Russian medical student, two bank clerks from Paris, the daughter of a former Russian general, two London girls who work in one of the large stores, and an Italian student of music, everyone seems contented.

The sounding of a motor horn calls them to *petit déjeuner*, every morning at seven, though more often than not it is not answered until nine o'clock; lunch is a picnic on the beach; then each amuses himself in devious ways until dinner at eight o'clock. A kind of tennis may be indulged in near a chicken run.

But what is troubling the president of the camp at the moment is what he will do with the tents when they arrive. For his second party of campers (they arrive every fortnight) have definitely announced that they would prefer the horse-boxes.

Jerome Willis

WHERE THEIR CARAVANS ARE RESTING! This camp at Sarasota, Florida, one of the largest in the United States, has been organised to meet the needs of the thousands of American motorists who now take their holidays with trailer caravans, thus eliminating heavy hotel expenses and making it possible to move from place to place as the mood dictates with the minimum of difficulty. Every big camp has an abundant water supply and an electrical supply which can be laid on to the caravans

THE NEW CRAZE: *Above*—A camp at Bradenton, Florida, with numerous caravans parked beneath the trees and (*right*) a car and its commodious trailer on a road in a mountainous section of the south-western States. The caravan industry in America is booming as never before, and some of the vehicles that are now on the market offer a standard of comfort that has to be seen to be believed

IN A FLORIDA CAMP: *Above*—Arrivals being checked in at Sarasota by the attendants who in their functions more or less amount to receptionists. After seeing that the trailers are properly placed they fix the electricity and water connections. *Right*—A family playing cards in the lounge of their caravan. On the right is the refrigerator and on the left is a settee that can be extended to make a double bed

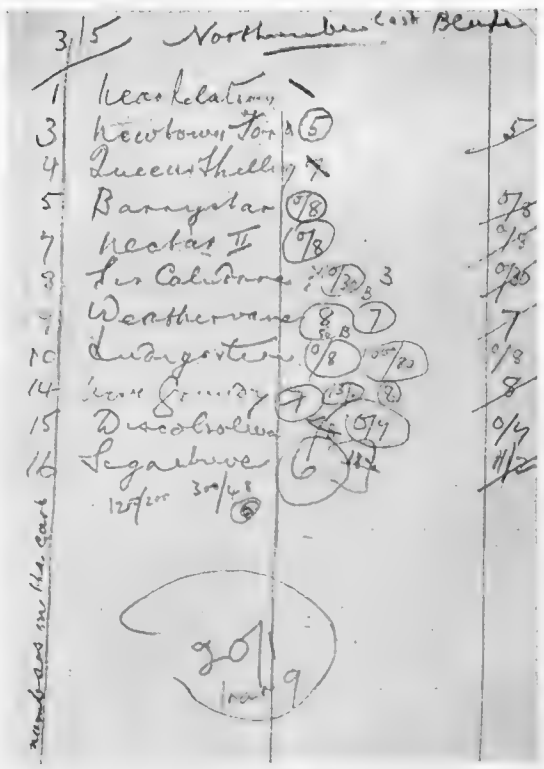
AMERICA'S CARAVAN CAMPS

A New Mode of Holiday-making that Has Captured the Public Imagination

On right—BY THE SHORES OF LAKE WALLENPAUPACK: Preparing the mid-day meal beside their trailer at one of the big Pennsylvania camps

TEN VITAL MINUTES:

AS SOON AS THE NUMBERS GO UP IN THE FRAME betting starts and the starting price reporters begin their hectic task of determining the odds, watching closely the prices offered by the various bookmakers



HOW THEY BETTED ON THIS YEAR'S NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE: A facsimile reproduction from the notebook of Mr. N. Robottom, one of the six men engaged on English racecourses in fixing the starting prices. In the second column are the horses' names, in the third the fluctuations in price are set down, and in the fourth the final conclusion. *Below*—The prices compiled by Mr. Robottom and a colleague as they appeared the next morning when published in the columns of the *Sporting Life*

lectar II., and Indigestion, at 100 to 8, Indigestio as the most alluring, 1,000 to 80 going into on and. Discobolos, backed to win a few hundreds a 00 to 7, closed an interesting market.

OFFICIAL STARTING PRICES.

100	to	30	agst	Sir Calidore
5	to	1	—	Newtown Ford
11	to	2	—	Signature
7	to	1	—	Weathervane
8	to	1	—	Mrs Grundy
100	to	8	—	Barrystar
100	to	8	—	NECTAR II.
100	to	8	—	Indigestion
100	to	7	—	Discobolos
20	to	1	each	agst others.

IT is one of the greatest compliments to the integrity of British journalism that six reporters, three on the *Sporting Chronicle* and three on the *Sporting Life*, are solely responsible for the starting prices at race meetings throughout the country and throughout the year. It has been estimated for me that over £200,000,000 a year is betted on racehorses on and off the course. At least two-thirds of this money are bets at starting price, which means that these six men affect over £130,000,000 a year. The six are Walter Meads, Jackie Taylor, and N. Robottom who are on the *Sporting Life*, and E. Dawson, T. Berry, and R. Price who are on the staff of the *Sporting Chronicle*.

These men work in pairs, two of them being on each racecourse. The only exception is Ascot, where the betting is so heavy that all six men are present. At the Derby the difference between the winner being returned at 5 to 4 as opposed to 11 to 8, could easily be as much as £200,000. And yet in the last ten years there have only been six official complaints; despite the fact that there is racing somewhere in the country on more than 300 days each year with half a dozen races at each meeting and very often two or three meetings on the same day.

Years ago the *Sporting Chronicle*, the *Sporting Life*, and the *Sportsman*, which has since been absorbed by the *Sporting Life*, all returned their own particular prices with the result that there was much confusion. Some bookmakers paid out on the starting prices returned by the *Sporting Life*, others on the prices returned by the *Sporting Chronicle*. To-day the two surviving papers work together.

But how is it done? The answer is that it is a really expert job which has to be carried out at lightning speed. As soon as the numbers go up the two reporters go along to the bookmakers in the middle of Tattersall's who have boards on which the opening prices are marked up. These bookmakers are not the big fellows, but the reporters nevertheless make a note of these prices. Some of these prices are taken—in other words punters have a bet — in which case the reporter puts a circle round the price and the name of the horse in his notebook, meaning that business has been done Some prices are not taken and so the reporter ignores them. He then goes over to the important bookmakers to whose books he has access. Among those that matter are Harry Parker, who is the Leviathan among bookmakers, Jack Burns, George Picken, Izzy Isaacs, Morrey Cowan, Percy Thompson, Beresford and Smith — and, in the north, George Yates, Eastwood and Wray, and J. Maclean.

As most of the betting is done in ten minutes the reporters have to be very quick, for market operations fluctuate very rapidly. A big professional backer, for example, may go down the line backing a horse so heavily that he will bring the price down from 8 to 1 to 3 to 1 in a few seconds. In addition to this, just before the "off," the market is further upset by a flood of money which comes from the Blower. The Blower is an agency operating in Poland Street, W.1, by means of which the bookmakers off the course who pay their clients at starting prices can unload their orders in order to try to make a book which will be profitable whatever horse wins; but though on the one hand they hold up their bets until the last minute to get the best out of the book, it often happens that the bookmakers on the course, knowing that their colleagues off the course must cover themselves at all costs, can squeeze them by offering artificially short odds.

The money comes by the Blower in a peculiar way. Two men employed by this agency are on the top of the stand, one with a telephone. He, having received his orders down the telephone, tells his colleague who then promptly tic-tacs to three other employees of the agency who are in the ring, telling them what horses to back and for how much. As soon as they have done this they tic-tac back what business they have done and the man on the grandstand promptly telephones back to London the results. In this way tens of thousands of pounds a year on bets are carried out without a single stroke of the pen and it can often happen that a 20 to 1 shot will harden to 5 to 2 within three minutes.

In view of all the confusing welter of shouting bookmakers it seemed a natural question to ask Mr. N. Robottom how he and his colleague strike a price, in other words decide on what is the starting price of the various horses in the race. "We have to look at the books of the big fellows on the rails, we have to listen to the odds others are quoting, we have to see what is going on all

"I'VE GOT AN 'ORSE": Ras Prince Monolulu, the ubiquitous tipster, gives advice to a fair racegoer at the Ascot meeting

How Six Men, Always Working Against Time, Evolve the Starting Prices on English Racecourses, and How the Blower System Operates are Described in this Article

By CHARLES GRAVES

round us," was the reply, "especially we watch the leading professional backers and notice the last prices they accept 'on the death'. We then strike an average of all the books we have seen, quite independently of each other.

"My colleague and I then meet and compare notes and, believe it or not, there is never more than half a point difference between our two opinions of the starting price, and more often than not we agree to the eighth of a point. We then immediately write out a slip announcing the starting price and hand it to a representative of the Press Association and Exchange Telegraph Company's joint racing service who is waiting on the top of the stand by the Press room with a private telephone beside him. He at once telephones the price to London but it is not until he has done this that we meet the racecourse representative in the Press room itself and give him by word of mouth the starting price, which he writes out on a card. Even then he doesn't put it on the board until he knows that the agencies have flashed it to London. Occasionally the bookmakers quibble about the price we return but they know we are right, and though they may say 'Well, that's not what I did' I can safely say that starting prices are more satisfactory to-day than they have ever been before.

"It is a high-tension job for us. All the while we are watching and listening and realising that the slightest mistake can affect thousands of pounds of the bookmakers' money. Some of these bookmakers do an enormous business. There is one who, at the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, will accept bets amounting to £20,000 on the thirty horses engaged in the race. Possibly a third of this money will be covering money from other bookmakers and yet, in the midst of all the excitement, this bookmaker will know to a fiver at any given moment how much money any of the thirty horses will take out of the book if it wins.

"Ascot, of course, has far and away the biggest betting of the year. On one occasion I remember that a punter laid £12,000 to £10,000 on a horse and yet the starting price was still 6 to 5. In other words, this huge wager did not affect the market at all. Incidentally, the horse won. On the other hand, at a meeting like Chepstow £400 on a horse standing at 10 to 1 will probably bring the starting price down to 2 to 1."

Reproduced on this page is a typical extract from Mr. Robottom's notebook showing his specialised annotation of the betting on the Northumberland Plate.

And now for the offices of the Blower. Technically, they are the headquarters of the London and Provincial News Agency (1929), Ltd., but the entrance is modest to a degree. A narrow flight of stone steps takes you up to the first floor, where you at once encounter a perfect maze of private telephones, loud speakers, and ordinary Post Office telephones. Of these alone there are sixty. The Blower, moreover, has twenty-five branches in the provinces, so it is not surprising that the telephone bill varies little between £18,000 and £20,000 a year.

As, however, it carries the away money for Tote Investors as well as the huge volume of bets accepted by bookmakers from clients who want Tote prices it is also not surprising that over £3,500,000 is wagered through the Blower annually. Incidentally there are 245 people on the staff—most of them under thirty years of age for the strain of the five minutes before each "off" is enough to burn out anybody even in early middle age. For five minutes is really all the grace that the Blower is given.

No bookmaker is going to "lay off" before he has a clear idea of what he has in his book just before the "off." When he finds that he is carrying a lot of money for a horse which may cause him to lose more than he has taken on the other runners he telephones to the Blower to lay off this money. If the horse wins the Blower pays him at starting price odds. If the Blower's agent got longer odds than the S.P. the Blower keeps the change. If not, the Blower has to make up the difference. You will find a very interesting account of this in Robin Goodfellow's excellent book *On and Off the Course*.

ONE OF THE BIG SIX: Mr. N. Robottom, who assists in the task of compiling the starting price figures. At the best of times it is a hectic job demanding intense concentration

THE TIC-TAC MAN: He stands on a wooden scaffolding and signals to members of his firm in the other rings how the betting is going in his own ring. Prices can thus be adjusted without a moment's delay

And if by any chance you can get permission to visit 27, Poland Street on a day when there are three race meetings you will get such an impression of the orderly hell created by S.P. that it will probably remain with you for the rest of your life.

On right—KEEPING IN TOUCH: A tic-tac man at work on a soap-box on Epsom Downs

"SEA POWER": The King's Ships In Peace and War Provide The Theme for a Notable Exhibition of Maritime Art at the New Burlington Galleries

"THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND—6.35 p.m., May 31, 1916": This picture by Norman Howard, which is now on view at the exhibition of paintings and drawings of the King's ships and the Merchant Navy at the New Burlington Galleries, was composed from official data with the assistance of naval authorities and shows the battle position at 6.35 p.m. The British Grand Fleet is on the left and the German High Seas Fleet on the right. The Grand Fleet is in the act of completing deployment to the south-east and forcing the German Fleet to turn away. The column of smoke in the middle distance is from H.M.S. *Invincible*, blown up at 6.33 p.m. *Lion*, leading the battle cruisers, is steering towards *Invincible* to take station ahead of the Grand Fleet. The line of battleships begins almost abreast of the last of the line of battle cruisers. The ninth ship in the line is *Iron Duke*, and the eighteenth ship, seen through a frame of funnel smoke, is *Collingwood*, with his present Majesty King George VI on board. Closing the rear of the Battle Fleet are three of the four ships comprising the fifth Battle Squadron, which took part in the earlier stages of the action with the battle cruisers, whilst the fourth ship, *Warspite*, can be seen in the foreground. An enemy shell jammed her rudder causing her to circle round the stricken *Warrior*. The white columns of water are thrown up by shells striking the sea, and the circles show where shells have sunk. Midway between the fleets *Wiesbaden* is sinking and to its right the disabled *Lutzow* s seen in the rear of the rapidly retreating German battle cruiser squadron

"COLLECTIVE SECURITY": A fine study of British men-of-war cruising in the Mediterranean with the Rock of Gibraltar towering in the background. It is the work of Cecil King, T.D., R.I., an artist whose seascapes are well known to "The Sphere" readers, having frequently appeared within the pages of this journal

"SOS—THE HEROES OF THE NORTH SEA": A dramatic tribute to the men of the lifeboat service by J. H. van Mastenbroek; a canvas which has aroused much admiration among visitors to the New Burlington Galleries Exhibition

"AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLAND ISLANDS" BY ARTHUR BRISCOE, R.I., R.E.: A handsome three-master glides by unscathed as the stern contest rages between the might of Sturdee and Von Spee

BRITAIN'S SCRAP METAL NEEDS

The Indian Rail Disaster—The Elaborate Grampian Power Scheme

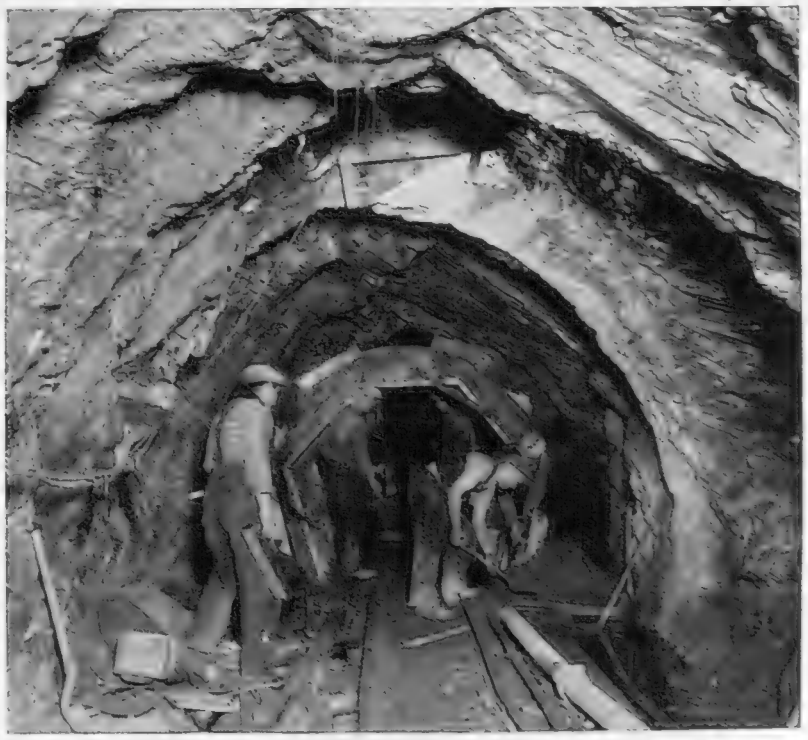
EVERY LITTLE HELPS: A truckload of discarded domestic utensils, bicycle parts, and other objects being dealt with at a Stepney scrap iron merchants before being sent to the smelters to help meet the steel industry's enormous and still growing demand for raw material of which there is at present a serious shortage on account of Britain's extensive re-armament programme. Only a few weeks ago the British Iron and Steel Federation issued a nation-wide appeal for scrap

A COLLISION ON THE RIVER PLATE: The Liverpool freighter *Elstree Grange* with her bows badly buckled after being involved in a head-on crash with the 10,000-ton London liner *Southern Prince* some twenty miles from Montevideo

AN UNCONVENTIONAL GATHERING: The Earl of Dudley making his speech at the luncheon given a few days ago by the Scrap Iron Association in a Shepherd's Bush scrap yard when the vital question of obtaining sufficient raw material to meet the needs of Britain's booming steel industry was once again uppermost

SABOTAGE WAS SUSPECTED to be the cause of the Indian railway accident which took place recently at Bihta, about 15 miles from Patna, the engine of the Calcutta express being derailed and plunging down an embankment, at the same time dragging after it three coaches; 100 people were killed and 200 injured

MAKING IT READY FOR THE FURNACE'S GREEDY MAW: Cutting up old metal with an oxy-acetylene burner in a Stepney scrap iron yard where business is brisk at the moment as a result of the recent nation-wide appeal for raw material



DRIVING A TUNNEL THROUGH THE GRAMPIANS: Men at work lining a section of the walls with concrete during the construction of the five-mile subterranean waterway between Loch Garry and Loch Ericht, Perthshire, under the Grampian electricity scheme. Two gangs of navvies, working from each end of the tunnel, are blasting a way through solid rock. When the two ends meet engineers are of the opinion that the 9-ft. diameter openings will not be a fraction of an inch out

ANOTHER BARONESS ORCZY ROMANCE SCREENED: Margaretta Scott, as Theresia, and James Mason, as Tallien, facing the camera during the making of the new London Film Production *The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*. Standing beside them is Director Hans Schwartz, while on the right the continuity girl is seen checking over the dialogue. Miss Scott has only recently finished *Action for Slander*, and is undoubtedly making big strides in the film world, her polished technique and excellent diction serving her in just as good stead on the screen as they have done on the stage

STAGE AND

THE Russian Ballet promise some pleasant things for their return to Covent Garden next month—*Coq d'Or* (a novelty), *Cotillon*, *Le Chat*, and *Les Matelots*, all of which have not been given for a considerable time and, what is in some respects the most important point of all, a team which includes Danilova, Riabouchinska, Baronova, and Lichine.

Among their performances last week was a revival of *Cleopatra*, a ballet first seen about a quarter-of-a-century ago and now almost as ancient in design and method as the Ancient Egypt with which it deals. It is conventional stage Egyptology linked to music by nineteenth-century Russian composers—lots of them. The result may be compared to a mixture of the dances from *Prince Igor* and the more boring parts of *Aïda*. On the whole Russia won, even in the matter of some of the costumes which suggested to me Kurdistan rather than the banks of the Nile.

Technically, the dancing was immaculate, so the ballet (which, unlike *Francesca da Rimini*, really is a ballet) is not without interest so long as one regards it merely as a display of dances of various styles and not as a dramatic whole. Such drama as there is concerns a good-looking youth about the Queen's Court, who is in love with a pretty girl (Mlle Danilova), comes under the fatal fascination of the Queen herself, and has to drink poison for having, at the Royal command, implanted a few very chaste kisses on the Royal mouth. Since all this love-making was done in full view of the Court, and had no more impropriety about it than any scene between Queen Victoria and Prince Albert at the Lyric Theatre, I consider the lad made a precious poor bargain.

Madame Tchernicheva, in the title role, had even less to do in the way of dancing than she had as Francesca. But perhaps Queens of Egypt, like the Tenth, don't dance. Madame had an easy time of it anyway, for she was carried on to the stage in a litter and then dumped down on a couch on which she reclined languorously until within a minute or so before the fall of the curtain, when she had the arduous job of handing the young man his dose of dope. Madame Tchernicheva looked regally beautiful with her ebony tresses (Cleopatra was a blonde, but no matter) but the part could have been played as effectively by a *prima ballerina*—perhaps there are one or two about—who had lost the use of her legs.

Cotton Club Revue.—Once upon a time, long years ago, a man lay dying. And outside the door of his house, as was the fashion in those days, stood two mutes. And it was bitterly cold. The mutes, as they shivered, sent a message to the master of the house saying, "inform the master that we are numb with the cold and will he of his goodness tell us what we are to do?" And a message came back from the dying man, "tell 'em to jump about a bit!"

That, I imagine, was something like the instructions given by the producer to members of the company of the Cotton Club revue at the Palladium. Everyone concerned jumps about a bit. By which I mean that they jump about a very great deal and, indeed, hardly ever cease jumping about. Although they showed no signs of it, they must surely have been very tired; that they made me very tired I am quite certain.

Now it is axiomatic that negroes and negresses—for this is a coloured company—have rhythm implanted in their souls to an extraordinary, and possibly also an inordinate degree. Also there is a type of white patron of light entertainment who considers that no coloured person can do anything wrong the moment he or she get on to a stage. I admit the amazing energy of this company, their capacity for "hotcha" jazz, or whatever it is called, their genius for keeping time, their high spirits, their incredibly energetic tap dancing and all the rest of it. If their sense of proportion were equal to their sense of rhythm this would be an enjoyably acceptable as well as a lively revue. As there is no sense of proportion about it whatever, no relief from the eternal leaping, twisting and slapping of feet, no rest from frenzied syncopation, not only no attempt at wit or humour but no time for it, it is a revue I found tedious to the point of exasperation after less than a quarter of an hour of it. Vastly competent of course.

Few, if any, white folk could dance in this style with such unfailing accuracy and such unflagging energy. But it goes on and on without a pause and with hardly a spoken word—certainly not an intelligible word. The company laugh and laugh and laugh and appear to be enjoying themselves immensely.

"Just high-spirited primitive children" is, I believe, the phrase. Unfortunately a little of the undiluted

STILL GOING STRONG: Margaret Withers, a charming member of the cast of that bright musical show, *Balalaika*, which recently passed its 200th performance at His Majesty's Theatre. She takes the part of Madame Petrova, the ballet mistress

START OF THE MALVERN FESTIVAL: *Left*—A scene from *Susanna* by the sixteenth-century British dramatist Thomas Garter which Sir Barry Jackson is presenting for the first time on the modern stage. *Right*—Bernard Shaw, whose new play *The Millionairess* is also being produced during the festival, in conversation with a friend at the Malvern garden party held on his birthday

SCREEN

A Theatrical Première at the People's Palace: The Latest Full-Length Play Without a Woman in the Cast

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

ALONE AT LAST! Ronald Colman, as Rudolf, and Madeleine Carroll as the Princess Flavia, about to enact a love scene in the Hollywood production of *The Prisoner of Zenda* watched by Director John Cromwell (right) and at least fifteen technicians who share their "privacy" on the set. Miss Carroll, who has now been in California over a year, is making a big hit, her performances in four such varied films as *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*, *The General Died at Dawn*, *Lloyd's of London*, and *On the Avenue* (her latest) revealing that she has out of the ordinary, screen talent. Some of her English friends aver that Hollywood grooming and Americanising are spoiling her, but majority opinion would seem to indicate she is one of the most attractive personalities now in films with a really big future

high-spirits of primitive children goes a long way. These rhythmic contortions—even the shoulders of the conductor of what must be one of the loudest jazz-bands on earth never ceased to twitch—grow as monotonous as the horrid tintinabulations of a loud bell. There is more St. Vitus Dance than vitality here, more of the jim-jams than of joyousness. But I must repeat that the Tramp Band, the Hopping Maniacs, the Copper-Coloured Gals, a Mr. Bill Bailey and others are astonishingly efficient.

"Bulldog Drummond Hits Out."—A theatrical première at the People's Palace (a roomy and beautiful theatre it is) was a novelty for me, much more, indeed, of a novelty than the play which prompted the visit. This was *Bulldog Drummond Hits Out* by "Sapper" and Gerald Fairlie.

Bulldog Drummond, is of course, an old theatrical friend and he is up to some old theatrical tricks. But as a hero he has a pleasant, pushful, and sometimes punch-ful personality and the play built round him has plenty of exciting moments, is exceptionally well-constructed, and has some touches of humour which are allowed to grow out of it naturally instead of being, after the fashion of so many makers of melodrama, tied up in watertight parcels and dropped in here and there as "comic relief".

I presume this piece will in due course find its way from East to West. If it does, I hope Miss Judy Campbell, who plays a Russian beauty remarkably well, will come with it.

"The First Legion."—To the best of my recollection, I had seen only two full-length plays without a woman in the cast—*Journey's End* and the late Basil Macdonald Hasting's remarkable drama, *The New Sin*—until *The First Legion* was produced at Daly's the other night.

They form a remarkable trio, and they are utterly unlike save for their individual excellence. Not that *The First Legion*, by Emmett Lavery (a nephew, I am told, of the artist) is flawless. It has in it what can only be described as a piece of sadly muddled thinking. Yet its sincerity, impressiveness, and its reverent handling of a sacred theme, which is, at the same time, "good theatre," are beyond any doubt.

The scene is a Jesuit community, one of whose members, Father Sierra, has been cured by what all the other priests, with one exception, regard as a miracle. The exception is Father Ahern, who is told, in confession, the real state of affairs by the doctor in the case. So Father Ahern resigns his position and loses his faith. But the doctor had given up all hope for another of his patients, a young boy. When this boy is cured Father Ahern hails it as a miracle, recovers his lost faith, and all is well.

The muddled thinking to which I have referred consists surely in the fact that the pious Father had rejected one "miracle" without analysis (for he had unquestioningly and instantly accepted the doctor's opinion, which was merely an opinion) and swallowed with as little thought the second "miracle." If it was a matter of blind faith—which in such circumstances it has to be—why was not faith applicable in both instances?

None the less, a play to be seen, and a play of original flavour. The acting had to be perfect—bungled acting, unlike bungled logic, would have been inexcusable—and perfect it was. Mr. Franklin Dyall expressed the cynicism of the doctor without making him offensive in that community. The Father Ahern of Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston was carefully steered clear of the melodramatic; and Mr. C. V. France, the Father Rector, contributed another of his fine studies of kindly dignity.

"Crazy Days."—Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff are engaged on a new musical comedy entitled *Crazy Days*, which they will produce at the Shaftesbury on Tuesday, September 14. The book will be by Stanley Lupino, the lyrics by Frank Eyton and Desmond Carter, with music by Billy Mayerl, and the piece will be presented by Laddie Cliff.

John Gielgud Season.—John Gielgud has now completed the permanent company for his season at the Queen's. The company will include Peggy Ashcroft, Leon Quartermaine, Frederick Lloyd, Michael Redgrave, George Howe and Glen Byam Shaw.

JUNE KNIGHT SCORES A HIT IN THE "LILAC DOMINO": As Shari de Gonda, the schoolgirl heiress, in the United Artists' film which has been proving a big success at the London Pavilion. The setting is Budapest in pre-war days and the theme is somewhat conventional, but Miss Knight makes the most of her opportunities. Michael Bartlett is the co-star in this lighthearted picture

Egyptian Draperies

TEA-GOWNS for SCOTLAND

They are elegant. They are comfortable. And Velvet is, as always, first favourite, especially in the new jewel and deep autumnal colours

THERE is something about Scotland that makes even the most casual conscious of tradition. Partly it is her old houses, so strong and secure. Mostly it is the sturdy independence of her people. Whatever it is, it imposes itself even on visitors.

After long days spent on the moors tea-gowns always seem rather more appropriate than evening dresses—which doesn't in the least mean that you should take no grand frocks, but just that you most certainly should take at least two tea-gowns. For true comfort nothing ever seriously rivals the wrap-around sort, but there are occasions when something a little more elaborate is necessary.

Make no mistake about it. Tea-gowns are just as fashion-conscious as any other clothes, and this season they seem even lovelier than usual. Perhaps that is because most of them are draped, which adds to their grace and richness, whilst those that aren't mould the figure like a slender column.

As for materials, velvets come first because of their supreme suitability. But there are also many beautiful prints, heavy plain marocains, and lamés. Incidentally, many of the new models are rather shorter than usual. Quite a lot of them have no trains but reach just to the floor, like the two in our pictures.

The first, at the head of the page, is made in black crease-resisting velvet, slit from the high neck to the waist, and draped about the hips and down the front in the Egyptian manner. The swathed sash is held by a large ornament embroidered with steel beads and silver scarabs, and a narrow line of embroidery edges the wrists of the rather full sleeves. It comes from Debenham & Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., and costs 16½ guineas.

The second tea-gown, on the right, is made in moss-green crease-resisting velvet, gauged across the shoulders, with a cross-over front gathered into the new high pointed waistline, where the centre fullness is held by a green and gold embossed clip. This costs 10½ guineas at Debenham & Freebody's, and it is made in a wonderful selection of autumn colours.

New Waistline

D. W. T.

A team, bound for the harvest field, makes its way down a charming by-road near Colchester where at this time of year the cow-mumble is growing profusely

LEAFY ESSEX

HOW MANY NOTICE the beauties of the cow-mumble, the lovely wild flower that is now abounding in the English countryside? This is an eight times enlargement of one of the dozen or so heads to be found on each plant

REAPING TIME AT GREAT BARDFIELD: The harvesting machine drawn by its three sturdy horses makes a pleasing picture in an Essex field where the oats are now being gathered. The crop this year is of moderate quality

RIVERSIDE IDYLL: Mr. E. E. Light, keeper of the Sonning Lock, who for the twelfth year in succession has won Sir Reginald Anson's Cup for the best kept Thames lock garden. This summer he has a really superb display

VOCAL INAUGURATION: Singing hymns at the opening of the Anglo-Scandinavian Summer School of Physical Education which is now being held at Milner Court, Sturry, Kent, and is open to women of all countries

CHANGES AT CHESTER: The old "Newgate," which can just be glimpsed on right, is so narrow, only allowing room for one-way traffic, that a new "Newgate" is now in course of construction and when completed will harmonise well with the city's still existing ancient fortifications

GREAT INDIGNATION HAS BEEN AROUSED among some of the local residents by the action of the lessees in placing this chromium lettering on the face of High Tor, the famous limestone rock nor far from Matlock, Derbyshire

A WEST COUNTRY RELIC FOR LONDON: This dilapidated thatched and timbered building at Prestbury, Gloucestershire, is to be taken down and re-erected at the Science Museum, South Kensington, together with the 160-year-old stone cider mill it contains. The mill is typical of many still in use and is in fine condition

JUAN OR ALFONSO? *(Continued from page 214)*

hardly object to the return of one who virtually made Rome his home in exile and who has repeatedly displayed his admiration for Fascism. Only less so, has the ex-King been *persona grata* in Berlin and Bavaria. Finally, however excited the Spanish Governmentalists might wax, a very large number of Spaniards on both sides, tired of the dreadful fratricidal tragedy, would welcome a part return to the less dreadful past, as the least of evils presenting themselves."

Now comes Franco's implied cold douche on the former monarch by the championing of young Don Juan.

What is quite certain is that this has come as a most painful surprise to the father who was so obviously preparing matters for a return of himself and his Queen.

"For the moment," says Franco, "my only thought is to terminate the war and rebuild the State on strong foundations. Prince Juan's talent, discretion, and charm are known to me. He wanted to fight twice in the past year but I could not sanction a life being risked that may be so precious to Spain." Which sounds clear enough

The interesting thing now will be to see how Alfonso takes it. Will he take any obstructing measures if and when the time comes—a time that could only, of course, synchronise with the unmistakable victory of Franco? *Could* the ex-King do any obstructing? It seems that the instrument of his temporary handing over of the Crown of Spain, no hard and fast, hammered down abdication such as we have known since, does give him first claim to the throne. Yet would Alfonso stand out for himself, if by so doing he brought further trouble to his tragic native land? That would, probably, be extremely unlikely. We are, in fact, unlikely to see a father and son contest. On the other hand, there now seems to be the strongest chance of a revival of the monarchy should the Nationalists prove the victors, a condition of affairs that can scarcely be without effect on the future trend of our own Spanish policy.

PALESTINE PERSONALITIES *(Continued from page 216)*

which was the salary attaching to that office under the Turkish regime. The British Government to-day pays Haj Amin el Husseini more than £75 a month for the same job.

After leading a life of privation in Cairo, Amin left Egypt in 1913, visiting the holy cities of Islam before returning to Jerusalem, winning for himself the title of Haj, given to Mecca pilgrims.

On the outbreak of the War in 1914, Haj Amin entered a military training college in Constantinople, joining, on his graduation, the Turkish forces. He returned to Jerusalem following the British occupation. He held a series of government posts, including clerkship to Sir Ronald Storrs, the then Governor of Jerusalem; a position in the Customs Office at Kalkilye, and in the Security Department at Damascus where he was dismissed. Back in Jerusalem, he obtained an appointment as teacher in the Rashidiya School, where his political activities started.

After a clash with the Government, he was soon pardoned by the then High Commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel. In 1921 the Grand Mufti died, and there was a scramble for the position among Arab families. Haj Amin was unsuccessful in a subsequent election, returning fourth. Government however appointed him to the post.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Two Commanders-in-Chief of Home Ports were among the distinguished company at a prize-giving in the Training Ship *Arethusa* on Wednesday, July 21st. The Commanders-in-Chief were Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery (Portsmouth) and Admiral Sir John Evans (The Nore). The prizes were presented by the Countess of Cork and Orrery, at the conclusion of which a sword was presented to Mr. J. A. Macallen, R.N., on attaining warrant rank. Mr. Macallen was trained in the *Arethusa* from October 22nd, 1924, to November 2nd, 1926, and is now an acting gunner stationed at Portsmouth. The Earl of Cork, in referring to this during his speech, said that all the boys could not win swords, but if they worked hard and played hard they would be a success in whatever calling in life they followed. Donations are urgently needed to carry on this great work of caring for young children. Your donation will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

This England . . .

Near Keswick

IT is going to rain. Bother—says the townsman; Again—grumbles the farmer needing no excuse; The worst year since eighteen eighty something—writes the journalist in search of news. And it goes on raining. It may be true that in this England we have no climate—only weather, and a lot of that! How is it then that we are not a people of agues and fevers instead of this ruddy and well-liking mien? Because we nourish ourselves soundly, seeking Nature's protection against her own vagaries. Because without the rain our soil would not be so rich, nor grow the great golden-bearded barley that, malted, makes our Worthington — the greatest weatherproof of them all.

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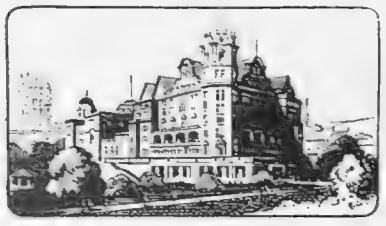

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Go by night train to Scotland for "the Glorious Twelfth" and arrive eager to step from train to butt.

Below is a list of the night trains equipped with first and third class sleepers. On the trains leaving London before 8 p.m. you may dine before retiring for the night. The times of day trains will be supplied on request at any LMS or L·N·E·R station, office or agency.

FROM EUSTON (L M S)

P.M	WEEKDAYS
7.20AB	"The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness, Aberdeen.
7.30AB	Oban.
7.40AB	Stirling, Gleneagles, Dundee.
8. 0A	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Turnberry, Ayr.
9.15	Glasgow (Cent.) (Fridays only).
9.25	Glasgow (Fridays excepted). (On Saturdays, Third Class Sleeping Accommodation only).
10.50	Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Oban, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.
A.M.	
12.40DE	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry Glasgow (St. Enoch).

P.M.	SUNDAYS
7.20B	"The Royal Highlander"—Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness.
7.30D	Stirling, Oban, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
8.30	Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Ayr, Turnberry.
9.30	Glasgow (Cent.).
10.50	Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Oban.
11.45	"Night Scot"—Glasgow.

NOTES: **A** *Saturdays excepted.* **B** *Restaurant Car.* **D** *Saturday nights and Sunday mornings excepted.* **E** *Sleeping Cars to Kilmarnock.*

FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)
WEEKDAYS AND SUNDAYS

P.M.	
*7.25R	"The Highlandman"—Edinburgh, Fort William (Breakfast car attached *en route*), Perth, Inverness.
*7.40R	"The Aberdonian"—Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Elgin, Lossiemouth
†10.25	"The Night Scotsman"—Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth.
P.M.	
†10.35	Edinburgh. (North Berwick first class only and on Friday nights only).
A.M.	
‡1.5	After-Theatre Sleeping and Breakfast Car Train, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness.

*Nightly (except Saturdays). †Nightly. ‡Daily (except Sunday mornings). **R** Restaurant Car King's Cross to York.*

FROM ST. PANCRAS (L M S)

P.M.	WEEKDAYS
9.15	Edinburgh (Waverley), Dundee, Perth, Inverness, Aberdeen.
9.30	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry (No arrival Sun.) Glasgow (St. Enoch).

P.M.	SUNDAYS
9.15	Edinburgh (Waverley), Dundee, Perth, Inverness, Aberdeen.
9.30	Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Turnberry, Glasgow (St. Enoch).

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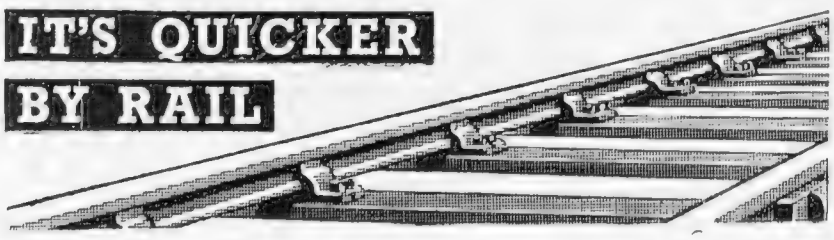

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The SCOTTISH SCENE

A HUNDRED years ago authors of gossipy journals of travel dear to the drawing-rooms of early nineteenth-century England were still describing the Highlands in terms in which we would speak of the Alaskan hinterland. Only a few Englishmen, such as St. John, knew the northern part of Scotland at all intimately. But these travel writers were a diminishing throng; the greatest protagonist of Scotland in modern times had died five years earlier; and the Waverley novels were soon to be followed by the small figure of Queen Victoria, who, although she was intensely proud of her Stuart ancestry, discussed the landscape in fluent German as she journeyed north. Little more than a century after Culloden the descendants of the noblemen (who had quaked in their shoes at the news that Charles Edward had reached Derby) and the new rich of the Industrial Revolution were vying with each other to "take" grouse moors and deer forests. England came out in a rash of tartan and the Scottish fashion had been born.

If you are going to Scotland this summer do not, as do so many, make the mistake of putting as much ground behind you after crossing the Border as possible and draw breath only, say, at Perth. Some of the most gracious and historically important country lies within a few miles of Carter Bar. There are, for instance, the four abbey towns of Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Kelso and Melrose, seats of thriving communities through all the turmoil of Border strife of the Middle Ages. It was left for the English to sack them under Lord Hertford in the reign of Henry VIII. Dryburgh is perhaps the most lovely: in the embrace of the brown waters of the Tweed and shaded by Lebanon cedars brought back as young plants by Crusaders who were possibly the ancestors of the best gardeners in the world. It is not surprising that two of Scotland's greatest sons chose the place for their burial—Scott and Haig.

Now, having got the Border country to a certain extent off my chest, I am going to make a calculated digression. Before talking of the more obvious attractions of Scotland there are certain things about the country which are rarely sufficiently stressed. Teas, for instance: how puny an apology for a meal is the English tea of bread and butter, jam and cakes. You must wait for the moment of relaxation and surfeit which follows the Scottish tea before you realise the significance of the meal. Eggs, quite likely a kipper, bannocks and butter and honey (made by bees which have had to battle against a gale on the moor to get the nectar home), currant bread, and ginger cake; the Scottish tea is the meal fit for the fisherman who has wielded a 16-ft. rod since 9 o'clock or the deer stalker after ten hours on the hill.

Then come gardens. Only in western Ireland, Cornwall, and the Scilly Islands will you find anything to compare with Scottish gardens. In some respects they reign supreme. On arrival at Edinburgh, for instance, you will notice in the eyes of some of your fellow travellers a peculiar gleam. The reason for it is this: not for them Holyroodhouse, nor the Castle with the Crown jewels and the War Memorial Chapel or the view from Arthur's Seat. They are for the Botanic Gardens where the latest treasures from remote valleys of the Himalayas and mountains of Burma abound and flourish.

After Edinburgh there are several places which you should visit before embarking on a tour of the Highlands. At Dunfermline with its ancient abbey you will remember that you are in the town which was capital of Scotland long before Edinburgh became important, and at Stirling, paragon of a castled city, that here was christened the child that one day was to wear both the Scottish and English crowns. At Loch Leven you may see the ruins of the castle where his mother began the years of her long captivity. You will visit St. Andrew's perhaps and find that the scarlet robes of the university students are more impressive than the clubhouse of the Royal and Ancient, and from here it is an easy journey to Perth, where everyone for some abstruse, Scottish-business-like reason sends his clothes to be cleaned. It is also a lovely place.

From Perth you may journey into the royalest part of the Highlands, whose centre-town is Braemar, or take the western route. If you pass, on the way to the west, by Loch Lomond, you will wonder at the glory of this greatest of British lakes, unspoilt by the nearness of Glasgow. Further west and north lies the most lovely part, to my mind, of the whole kingdom.

The infinite variety of the scenery of Argyll, Inverness and the islands is such that the eye is never tired.

So popular is Scotland, so many people are there who know it infinitely better than myself, that it is a country hard nowadays to do justice to.

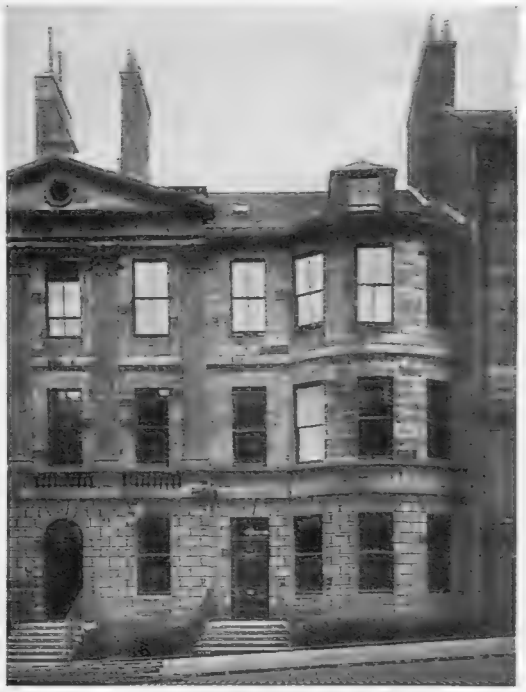
Drawings by Percy Home

IN WILD ETTRICK FOREST: A bridge over the rushing waters of the Ettrick River

. . . *By Loch, and Hill, and Castled Island*

But to those who perhaps are not entirely familiar with her countryside I would recommend one of the following excellent books. Mr. Morton's *In Search of Scotland* seems likely to become a classic, Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son publish a booklet called *How to See Scotland*, and perhaps the best lately written is *The Face of Scotland* by Harry Batsford and Charles Fry. With one or other of these at hand the visitor should not miss much worth the seeing.

Hugonaut



WHERE THE WAVERLEY NOVELS WERE LARGELY WRITTEN: Sir Walter Scott's home at No. 39, Castle Street, Edinburgh, in which he penned some of his greatest masterpieces. He also lived at No. 107, George Street after his marriage and spent his early years at No. 25, George Square

On right—IN SOUTHERN ARGYLL: Typical scenery in the Western Highlands showing the River Nell winding its way through the mountainous country

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In Quest of

Lakeland Luxury: Some in Wordsworth

THE pity of it that Keswick and its surroundings are so unknown. Yet perhaps it is this very "unknownness" which makes this section of the Lake District such a joyous refuge, for here the discerning few can escape with ease from the "every day-ness" of life.

The wonder of it is that the hotels in this district are so good, seeing that they enjoy little beyond a six weeks full season (determined to a large extent by the end and beginning of school terms). After the summer holidays there must be plenty of parents who will feel in need of a holiday themselves! And to them I would suggest the English Lakes in September right up to late autumn for then the weather is almost invariably fine and the tints indescribably beautiful.

The Keswick Hotel.—I wrote fully about this internationally well-known hotel last year, but I shall be making a serious omission if I do not refer to it again, for it is one of those few hotels where you will find an unbroken family tradition. Even at this moment three generations are helping to run the hotel. Thoroughness, hospitality, good fare, and a love of the past characterise this centre of Lakeland. The Wivells are a much travelled family and have "collected" to such an extent that the Keswick Hotel is a storehouse of treasure. But whilst there is plenty to feast on within, one can also feast without, for from one's bedroom window one gets a 9-mile panoramic view of the Skiddaw Range with the lovely gardens of the hotel in the foreground.

The Royal Oak Hotel, Keswick.—Steeped in the history of the past, the Royal Oak is quite unique in that it can do two classes of business simultaneously and distinctly. Like an ocean bound liner you can book your accommodation "1st-class" or "tourist" (the tourist in this case representing the best class of commercial trade). The chances are that if you are staying there 1st-class in one of the de luxe suites or in one of the many bedrooms with private tiled bathroom, you will wander down to the commercial wing of the hotel which is the oldest part, and visit the bar which has been left just as it was when frequented by such well-known characters as John Peel, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge, and others. Whilst well-known names have contributed to provide the atmosphere of the past, it is to Lieut.-Colonel P. M. Hope, the managing director of the company which owns the Royal Oak and an architect by profession, to whom one must pay tribute for the creature comforts of the present.

Rarely have I been upstairs in an hotel where the bedrooms were so excellent in every way. Nothing common or garden. No cheap oak but everywhere a very definite evidence of quality. Lights in the right place, plenty of wardrobe space; the best possible beds. Here is English hospitality at its best. Here you will find no Continental menus, but just a very honest to goodness bill of fare. The Keswick and Royal Oak Hotels represent the very best class of accommodation in Keswick, but if you want something of a more modest nature I can refer you to the *Queen's* or *Ye Olde George Hotel.*

The latter is the oldest hostelry in the town. Its atmosphere smacks of old coaching days. There are many who will prefer that same cosy hospitable atmosphere that past generations knew and loved so well.

But there will be those who prefer to stay by Lake side, fell or mountain torrent, so we will take the Cockermouth road by the shores of Bassenthwaite Lake and presently a low white-washed hospitable inn will come into view—*Ye Olde Pheasant Hotel.* Personally I think this 300-year-old inn is far too homely and attractive to be labelled an hotel. It is one of those rare unspoilt inns which you may have been looking for, for a long time. Its cosy bar, coffee room and clean bedrooms by you stay, and there must be many who

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By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Worthwhile Stopping Places Country

enter this inn by chance and then obey its commands.

Shortly after, one comes to the head of Lake Bassenthwaite and here you will find the *Armathwaite Hall Hotel.* When I tell you that it is owned and run by the Wivell family of the Keswick Hotel, you will know that it has the hall-mark of excellence stamped all over it. Here is perfection for those who love the out-of-door life. Riding to hounds or following on foot; making full use of rod or gun; or just studying at one's leisure flora and fauna, birdlife and fishes without any disturbing "red herrings."

Although Armathwaite Hall, approached from Keswick, is seemingly at the back of the beyond, it is actually but 400 yards from the West Coast road from Carlisle to Scotland. Baronial in its proportions, sumptuous in its comfort, it is entirely "Wivell" in its completeness.

Victoria Hotel, Buttermere.—Founded in 1735, it was known as the Bridge Inn but was changed to Victoria after the visit of her late Majesty and the Prince Consort. For myself, I am going to call it "The Freedom Inn" as here the bracing air encourages freedom of limb, and Mr. Nicholas Size, the resident proprietor, encourages freedom of action. Evening dress is discouraged. Bring and wear out your old clothes. Here bare knees sit down side by side with the usually begaitered bishop's calves, for people of all classes are attracted by the beauty of the surroundings. Here there is freedom to do as you will. There are no "trespassers will be prosecuted" notices and even the weather ensures freedom and enjoyment, for Buttermere is the driest part of the Lake District. For 15s. a day you can occupy Thomas Carlisle's room with its Elizabethan bed or a single room with Swiss balcony. You can play golf with freedom on the hotel's own links, swim in a secluded bathing pool, or just sit and gaze on rapturous beauty from picked points in the Fairy Dell woods.

Autumn at Buttermere goes well on into November. Winter is mild as the valley is sheltered from the east. The Victoria (my "Freedom Inn") is open all the year round and Mr. Size is always in the offing to welcome you.

Borrowdale Hotel.—You will pass the Borrowdale Hotel between Keswick and Buttermere via the Honister Pass. This road is surely one of the most picturesque in Great Britain. It is one of those hotels which you know instinctively is good directly you enter. There is the pride of tradition in its proprietors. My only regret was that my visit was such a fleeting one. Genuine old furniture shining with polish; silver gleaming with attention. Spotless corridors and bedrooms. Pity the poor fly who dares to seek refuge at the Borrowdale! Full marks to Mrs. Leyland and Mrs. Whittaker who run it, and good luck to the nephew who hopes to carry on the family tradition. The hotel is in a picked position at the head of Derwentwater. To the Borrowdale Hotel I must most certainly return.

Prince of Wales and Dale Lodge Hotel—Grasmere. The first will be found on the road which leads from Keswick to Windermere with lovely views right over the Lake. Licensed, first class, it will attract those who wish to stay betwixt Windermere and Keswick. Dale Lodge Hotel, under the same proprietorship as the Prince of Wales, will be found in the village of Grasmere itself, and is of the country-house type. Secluded, quiet, and very delightful.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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THE MARRIAGE OF LORD DE RAMSEY: Leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, with his bride, Miss Lilah Labouchere, after their wedding last week. The bride wore a gown of ivory angel-skin with a cross-over bodice and shoulder epaulettes of orange blossom

AN ETON MASTER WEDS: Mr. Edward Prescott Hedley and his pretty bride, Miss Patricia Price, cutting the cake at the reception held at No. 8, Chesterfield Gardens following their marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, last week

A THIRD ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE, WEDDING: *Left*—Mr. H. B. Richardson, of Quebec, and Miss Diana Vivien Johnson, eldest daughter of Captain Raymond Johnson, D.S.O., of Great Rissington, Gloucestershire, were another couple to have a late July marriage. *Right*—A bridesmaid in her strikingly full veil

ADMIRAL MARK KERR'S DAUGHTER WEDS: Miss Alix Kerr, in a gown of gold and ivory, leaving Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, with her husband, Mr. Maurice Liddell, son of Sir Frederick Liddell

WHAT OF THE SEVEN SEAS?

By Cappy Ricks

"THE expression 'Seven Seas' is a very old one, and means, of course, all the seas in the world, but the seven I think about as the Seven Seas are: the North and South Atlantics, North and South Pacifics, the Indian Ocean, and the Arctic and Antarctic" (not one of which is called anything but Ocean), thus wrote Kipling after he had made the quotation popular, and the Oxford English Dictionary accepts him as the authority—and slips.

The expression is not a *very* old one, as we shall show, and one asks, why should Seas of the original be converted into Oceans? which are not quite the same thing. Many years ago the writer, failing to receive an answer from Kipling, adopted the following: North Sea, Mediterranean Sea, Red Sea, China Sea, Sulu Sea (extending from the Philippines to the Netherlands East Indies chain), Java Sea, and Ethiopic Sea (of the Ancients) which is the present Indian Ocean. The selection appeared in print, and judgment, about fifty-fifty, was passed upon it, the adverse centering almost wholly on the inclusion of the Red Sea, as not being, at the date of the origin of the expression, of sufficient importance, but such was hardly the case. The Suez canal had been opened three years before, 1869, and had fired the imagination of the world, and this had made the sea in question one of the main shipping arteries of the world, and, therefore, of very great importance.

In the correspondence there emerged two other selections that ran it pretty closely, the more popular one appearing to be: Yellow, Japan, Java, Banda, Flores, Celebes, and Molucca. The other including Java, Arafura, Timor, Banda, Sulu, and Celebes—neither of which seem to meet the case; they deal with only a small portion of the globe. Had the quotation been as old as was generally supposed either might have passed muster, but as it appeared for the first time in 1872 they cannot be considered as doing so by any stretch of imagination.

We may now deal with the question of origin. Collocations of sevens exist in hundreds, but don't help us, as it is seas only with which we are dealing, and these find no place at all. The expression first appeared in literature in, as stated, 1872; in Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubaiyyat:—

"When you and I behind the veil are past,
Oh, but the long while the World shall last;
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds?
As the Sev'n Seas should heed a pebble-cast."

This last line was altered in all subsequent editions to "As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast" but such is not germane to the issue. This line of poetry is, it may be remarked, the only reference to the sea in all Fitzgerald's versions, and yet he was a yachtsman; and it would appear far more likely that it was he who was responsible for this mention of the sea, rather than Omar Khayyam, the Persian tentmaker who lived at Nishapur, hundreds of miles from the sea, with no travel to his recorded tally, nor yet acquaintance with seamen, from whom at that date knowledge of the seas came first hand.

That Fitzgerald used the expression instead of the ocean of his two previous editions may be accounted for by the fact that at the date of the third edition he was "more up to his job," and had discovered that in certain cases alliteration may prove very effective, at that date particularly; the appeal of such a striking alliterative expression as The Seven Seas is obvious, and use has not robbed it of its appeal.

WHERE THE WHEATEAR PLAYS

By Muriel Haywood

UPON this summer morning of the late season the waters of the lake present a clear mirror to the skies above them. Faithfully they reflect—although in a fainter degree—that soft hyacinthine blue which deepens to violet about the horizon, foretelling the sultry hours to come. But here—as yet—there is a light freshness in the golden air—a freshness that emanates from these cool waters, most grateful to those people of the wild that dwell hereabouts. These are active at this time; and they will take their leisure presently when the sun is higher and his power is stronger on the land . . .

Serenely the great crested grebe is floating upon the quiet surface at no great distance from the shore. He is a handsome fellow; the wide ruffle that he is wearing round his neck serves to distinguish him from amongst the other water birds. That ruffle of his is ornamental in its warm chestnut colour, with its edging in a dark shade of brown. Although he is sometimes called the loon, his more usual title of great crested grebe seems more distinctive, and more appropriate to this bird of many interesting habits.

Nearer in to the bank his wife is moving along busily engaged with their brood. The plumage of these is still dull in hue, lacking the crest and the frill which both the parents wear. They are full of energy, diving and swimming about in a close imitation of their elders.

At the moment there are three upright small figures to be observed close to the margin of the lake. At a short distance from one another, each of them seems to be enjoying himself thoroughly, in his own way. They all take little runs here or there—now and again stopping abruptly for an instant, to consider, perhaps, this curious world—still so new and so incomprehensible to their juvenile minds.

For these are young wheatears—still very young indeed; and at present clad in somewhat nondescript attire. Only the darker tone on tail and wing showing up plainly.

With some sudden thought one of them glances at his nearby brother; and thereupon, crossing the dozen feet or so that intervene at a rapid run, the two immediately engage in an entirely good-humoured skirmish. This same is quickly ended. The couple part and trip hurriedly in opposed directions; so to resume their interrupted occupations. Their male parent is also here, not far from his children; he is keeping a paternal eye upon them; the while he wanders and feeds about the open spaces upon the rising slope.

Further along, where the more solid earth melts into the swampy ground, there are many reeds and grasses and a certain variety of the marshland plant life. Here the soft rushes are growing in a certain profusion—slim lances adorned with their bunched panicles of flowers. These same are held in much esteem in that they have a very practical use. Because it is from them and from others of their tribe, that candle wicks are fashioned.

Just now one particular group of these soft rushes have, for some reason or other, attracted a bevy of various insects. Amongst these there are some few small dragonflies that neatly pierce their way between and about the tall stems like brightly coloured needles. For a short time a Burnet moth has joined the party, bringing a fleeting touch of carmine into the scene as he passes by the rushes.

As is customary at this period of the year there is a decided lessening in the number of birds that may be seen about the place. And thus by now, even the last lingering member of that curious species—the cuckoo family—has moved onwards, and so made a change in his quarters. He was a young bird of this season and, as such, he has a particular secret locked up in his breast. For within a comparatively brief space of time, he will be undertaking what would seem to human thinking to be an entirely impossible achievement. By what means he will succeed in this achievement—that is his secret—and at the same time it is one more of those endless enigmas set forth by nature to which no answer has as yet been discovered.

And thus this cuckoo, together with those of his fellows hatched out this year, is preparing to embark upon and carry through the vast journey southward from their home of the summer months. These youthful birds will be by themselves with none of their kind to guide them; and with no previous experience of any sort to help to show them the long and difficult road to that far off destination—their winter home. Their parents and all their kindred having left these shores quite a while before them.

There are many strange tales told of the cuckoo—with their details derived from either fact or fancy; but surely this, which belongs to the category of the true tales, is the strangest of them all!

A dense cluster of trees and bushes stand nearby—a background to this swampy spot, which forms a comfortable shelter for the birdlife that dwells in these parts. From this shady place there comes forth unexpectedly and astonishingly an outburst of song from the sedge warbler, who, however, is keeping himself carefully concealed from view within the thicket. He, also, will, before very long, be taking his departure hence to other regions across the sea. He has a sweet voice; and the pleasant notes ripple out into the stillness of this quiet morning. And then they cease as suddenly as they began and no more is to be heard of the small singer. He too has now withdrawn himself into the far-reaching silence that prevails as the cool airs die away and a dreamy heat drifts down upon the land.

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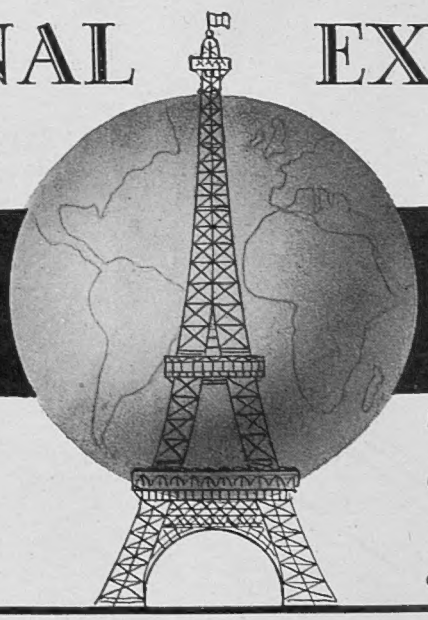

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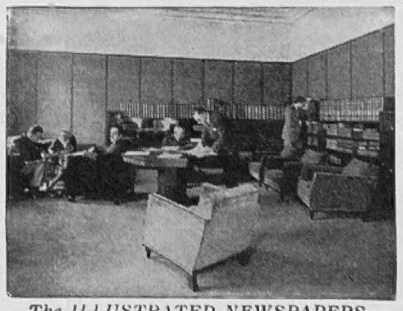

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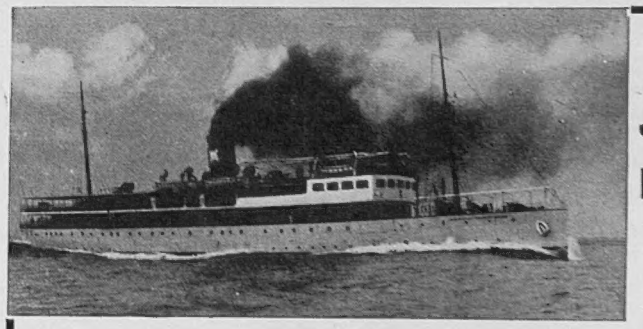

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